# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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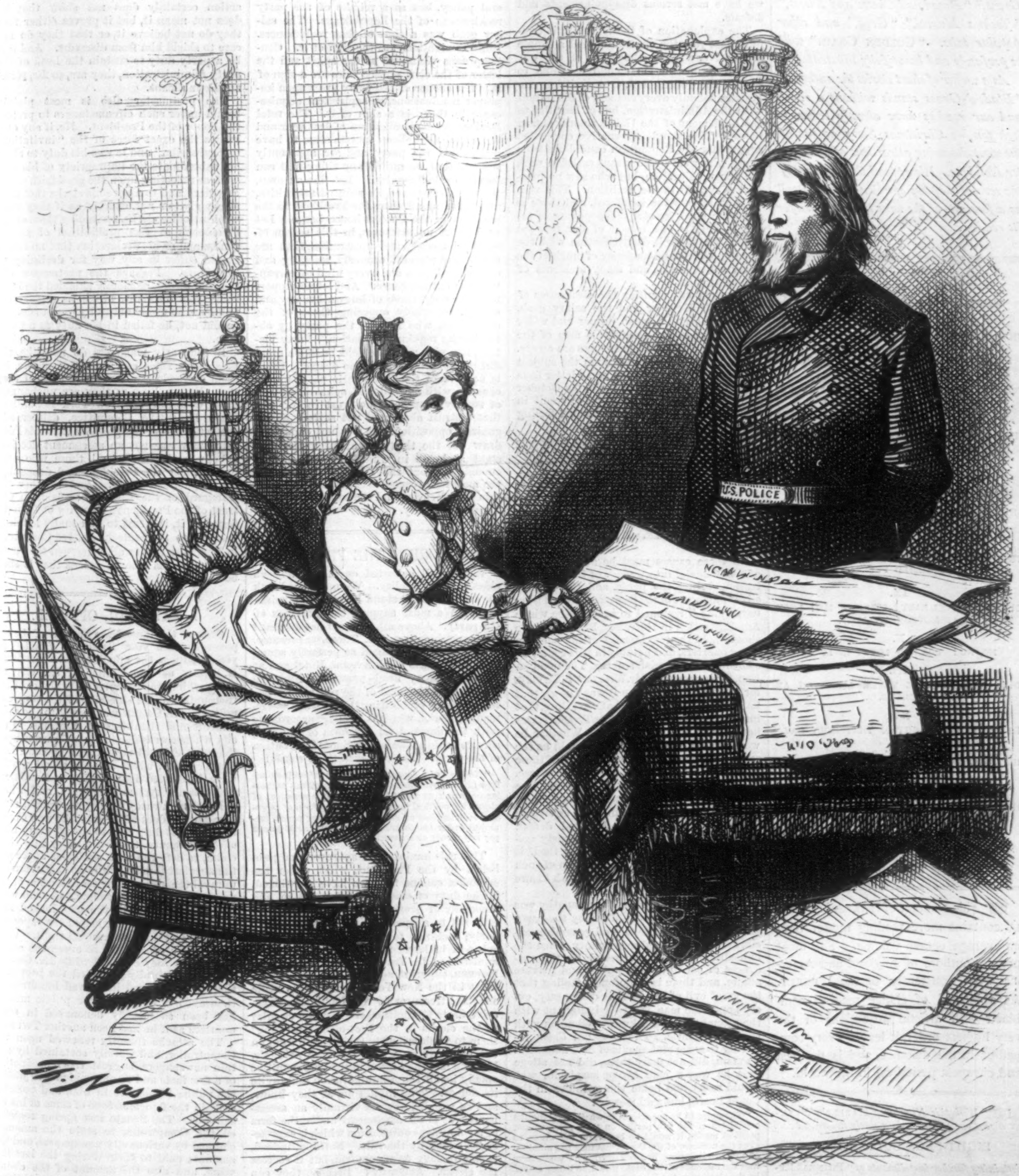

THE CONSOLING TRUTH.

Miss Columbia. "How is it that there are so many Defalcations and Betrayals of Trust?"

Uncle Sam (*Chief of U. S. Police*). "Every thing comes to the Surface in our Country; but on the other side of the Atlantic they have the Power of keeping their Frauds in the Dark."

### *HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

## NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

*Messrs.* HARPER & BROTHERS *take pleasure in announcing that they will soon commence the publication of a new* CHRISTMAS STORY, *entitled*

### "*GOLDEN GRAIN*,"

*by* B. L. FARJEON, *author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," "Griff," and other popular tales.* "GOLDEN GRAIN" *will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.*

*As a writer of short stories the author of "Blade-o'-Grass stands without a rival, and our readers have already begun to look for his Christmas Story as one of the most charming attractions of the Winter Holidays. We append the headings of the several chapters of* "GOLDEN GRAIN," *as a foretaste of the rare treat in store for its readers.*

I.

THROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO SOME GREEN, PLEASANT SPOT.

II.

THANK GOD FOR A GOOD BREAKFAST!

III.

THEY LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD THAT FELL FROM HER LIPS.

IV.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

V.

THEY WON'T WANT NO MORE MOTHERS BY-AND-BY, SIR.

VI.

FOR THESE, AND SUCH AS THESE.

VII.

THEY JUDGE THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL BY MEANS OF AN AGGREGATE.

VIII.

THIS 'ERE FREE AND 'LIGHTENED COUNTRY OF OURN'S CRAMMED FULL O' TEMPLES O' LIBERTY.

IX.

OPEN YOUR EYES, BABY! SPEAK TO ME! LOOK AT MOTHER, MY LIFE!

X.

NO, NO! BORN IN LOVE! IN LOVE!

XI.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED ON AN ISLAND.

XII.

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THAT HOLY DAY.

XIII.

HIS SOUL IS IN YOUR HANDS TO SAVE AND PURIFY.

XIV.

IT IS SUNRISE. A GOLDEN MIST IS RISING FROM THE WATERS.

XV.

FAIRHAVEN.

THE END.

☞ This Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY. As a journal of choice reading, combined with artistic attractions of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance, and is the best and cheapest periodical in the world.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously a finely illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

*containing further installments of* "PHINEAS REDUX" *and the* "PARISIANS," *and two intensely interesting illustrated stories.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

## THE LESSON OF THE AUTUMN.

THE autumn elections show Republican reverses and reductions. What is the explanation? We make due allowance for the "off year," and for the fact that the result in Ohio is merely negative—that is to say, that it shows no Democratic reaction; for the Democratic vote was very much smaller than it was last year. And we do not forget that the party in power is always held responsible for a financial panic or depression. Moreover, there is no sign of any disposition to question or to reverse the general principles upon which the Republican party has restored the Union. But the fact remains that last year we were triumphant every where, and that this year we have met serious disappointments and defeats.

The explanation of the situation is twofold: last year the election offered a simple alternative, whether the party of the war and of reconstruction should continue to control the government, or a coalition embracing not only every element of discontent with the Administration, but of hostility to the settlement of the Union, should obtain power. This simple alternative compelled support for the Republican candidates from many who were by no means satisfied with the general situation, but who saw no prospect of remedy in the coalition. This year no such alternative is offered, and there is therefore much greater independence of action. This is one reason of our reduced vote. The other is dissatisfaction with the apparent spirit and tendency of much of the party management, and many incidents of administration.

We need but mention the disclosures of the Crédit Mobilier and the salary grab, which have had a much deeper and wider influence upon the thoughtful men of the party than many of the managers are aware. We can speak confidently upon the subject for this part of the country, and a letter from Iowa to the New York *Times*, dated October 23, in explaining the disagreeable result in that State, testifies to the Western feeling as follows:

> "But the popular sentiment was and is vehemently averse to the salary grab, and is disposed to hold the Republican party responsible because of its approval by President GRANT; and that disposition has made the work of canvassing very much 'up-hill' business this season. We can only hope the new Congress will at once repeal the iniquitous measure (and not restore the franking privilege either, as some propose), and that we will not soon again be troubled with a national legislature which will so criminally abuse its power."

To these causes must be added distrust of the financial interference of the Administration during the panic, and the comical silver payments of the Secretary of the Treasury, which threatened to involve the whole Administration in ridicule. But chiefly we should hold the recklessness of the party in many quarters, and notably in this State, responsible for our misfortunes. The nomination, for instance, of Mr. WILLIAM B. TAYLOR for State Engineer, when it was known that he was the accomplice of the Canal Ring, that insatiable leech upon the State Treasury, was both wrong and inexpedient. Whether he were elected or not, the result would be the same. It was sure to alienate many of those whose sympathy a party can not safely lose. So, also, the nomination of Senators like WOODIN and LEWIS, whom the most faithful of party organs had denounced as unworthy of support, invited and deserved defeat. Such candidates may by force of party machinery be elected. But the party itself is wounded by the effort. The election of such men belongs to those victories which insure final defeat.

Another reason of Republican apathy was the support of such candidates by the party press. At a time like this of general financial derangement and uncertainty, when the immediate panic is deepened by the evidences of corruption in public and private affairs, and there is a profound feeling that the great evil of the hour is dishonesty, every honorable man is justly indignant with the attempt to screen known offenders with the party mantle. The Brooklyn *Union*, referring to some statements of ours about Mr. TAYLOR, did not deny them, did not allege that he was a man above suspicion, who would resist and baffle the swindles in the Canal Board, but said merely:

> "The point to be considered is whether, taking the candidates of the two parties on their personal and political merits, it would be better, on the whole, to elect the nominee of the Democrats than the nominee of the Republicans. For our own part we believe that the interests of the State would be better served by the election of the Republican, and for that reason we shall give him our support, and advise all good citizens, whatever their politics may be, to give him their votes."

How can the interests of the State be served by an officer whose vote in the proceedings of the Canal Board is always recorded in favor of assaults upon the Treasury? If the *Union* had really known that our suspicions of Mr. TAYLOR were unfounded, it would have said so. If it had really known any thing prejudicial to the character of the Democratic candidate, it would have stated it. But it knew nothing except the fact that the one was the Republican and the other the Democratic candidate; and its argument would lead to the support of any Republican knave who might secure a regular nomination. And it is precisely because there is so much of this kind of sophistry and evasion and silence upon the part even of leading Republican journals that many Republicans are forced to conclude that there is very little to choose between the two parties, and so stay at home.

We interpret the result of the autumn elections, therefore, not at all as a Democratic reaction, of which there is no sign whatever; not at all as indicative of indifference to Republican principles and general policy, but as a rebuke of the party recklessness of the Republicans. The salary grab was a sign of that recklessness. Unfit nominations are the sign of it. Contemptuous violations of the spirit and the letter of the civil service rules are a sign of it. The silence of the party press upon improper nominations, or sophistical acquiescence in them, is a sign of it. The total Democratic demoralization of last year and the signal Republican success seem to have intoxicated the party, and we apparently suppose that we can do any thing if it can but be made "regular." Let this autumn, with its defeats and its reduced majorities, undeceive us all, from the President to the boatman in the Custom-house barge. Let us support no measures, in this season of financial anxiety and prostration, that are not of the plainest economy, resisting and exposing all jobs and every kind of corruption and extravagance. And let us support no men except those of known honesty and ability, especially opposing those of the other kind who imperil the party by obtaining its regular nomination. Party victory, like victory in the field, or like a great fortune, may be bought too dearly. There is no love of the Democratic party in this country, with our sad and splendid history of twenty years, and no trust in it. But that distrust alone will not sustain an organized opposition. It was not enough to draw out the thirty thousand voters who staid at home in Ohio. It will not be enough, without the wisest measures and the most irreproachable candidates, to maintain the efficiency and the supremacy of the Republican party.

## DISHONORING THE PRESIDENT.

WE are all exhorted on all Republican sides to party fidelity. We must not break ranks. We must stand by regular nominations. We must support the measures of the party. Above all, we must not discredit our own Administration. These, we presume, would be acknowledged as perfectly sound doctrines at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and at all other party head-quarters. Now the President is the head of the party. He has issued a rule prohibiting the political assessment of clerks, which is in strict accordance with the demand for a reform of the civil service made at the last National Convention of the party. The rule is in these words:

> "No head of a department nor any subordinate officer of the government shall, as such officer, authorize or permit or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, *under the form of voluntary contributions* or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any such person pay any money so assessed."

This rule having been approved and published by the President, what, under the orthodox canons that we have mentioned, is the duty of every good Republican, and especially of every Republican committee? Is it not to support the declarations of the party, and not to discredit or violate in spirit or in letter this rule of our own Administration? Yet when Mr. GEORGE F. HOPPER, superintendent of the box department in the New York Post-office, is made assistant treasurer by the Republican Executive State Committee, and issues a circular to the clerks in the Post-office "inviting" them to "subscribe" to the election fund on the very day on which they are paid, Mr. HOPPER and the State Executive Committee openly insult the Administration and invite its defeat. This invitation, as they know, and as we all know, is virtually an assessment. It is the assessment under the form of a voluntary contribution which is expressly forbidden by the rule. Nothing, indeed, is said of levy or of removal, but it coerces the clerks. And why? Because they can not afford to act upon the theory that the President really means the prohibition when they see his immediate political friends and the highest authorities of the party in the State flagrantly and contemptuously evading it. Not one of those clerks felt perfectly sure that if he declined the "invitation" of the State Committee of his party, laid before him by a superior officer in the Post-office, he would be retained in his place. The committee knew this, and they used their knowledge to extort money.

Now does this conduct of the Republican State Executive Committee bring the President and his orders with the party and its professions into contempt or not? Is it they who do this thing, or we who expose it, who discredit the President? Again, is it those who, like our friend, the New York *Times*, professing a desire for reform, silently acquiesce in such contempt of the President's rules, or we who insist that his rules shall be respected in the spirit as in the letter, who take off spurs and despair of reform? If the Republican State Executive Committee really believed that the President meant that the practice of assessments should stop, they would not authorize such a transparent evasion as this at the Post-office. Their action certainly does not show that he does not mean it, but it proves either that they do not believe it, or that they do not care to shield him from discredit. And if it be a party duty to sustain the head of the party Administration, they are, so far, recreant Republicans.

The postmaster also is most plainly bound under such circumstances to protect the honor of the President. He, if any one, knows the exact force of the "invitation" to "subscribe," and it was his duty to show his subordinate the impropriety of his conduct, as reflecting upon the good faith of the President, and to assure his clerks that they might give or not, exactly as if they were not Post-office clerks, reminding them of the President's express prohibition of assessments, and of his declaration that no officer should suffer in any way for declining to contribute. Perhaps the postmaster did this. If he did, he merely shielded the President from discredit, which, as a good Republican, he would naturally wish to do. If he did not, he failed in his duty as a party man.

If the party managers do not like the President's rules and executive orders, let them persuade him to change them if they can. But as long as they are unchanged, those who, like the New York Republican State Executive Committee, deliberately evade them—for the pretense that this Post-office levy was not an assessment deceives nobody, and least of all those who urge it—dishonor the President and demoralize the Republican party. And whether the disregard of the rules proceeds from distrust of the President's sincerity or from defiance of it, it seems to be equally his duty to prove to the State Executive Committee in New York and to all concerned that until he changes his rule he means that it shall be observed.

## A FAITHFUL OFFICER.

ONE of the immediate results of the exposure of the vast Tammany frauds two years ago was the appointment of ANDREW H. GREEN as Comptroller of the city, an event which was accepted as evidence of the thoroughness and sincerity of the proposed reform. Mr. GREEN was called to the most difficult and thankless of positions. In a city where corruption in every form and upon the most colossal scale had long controlled the Treasury, where rascals of all parties were interested in retaining a fraudulent and obscure system of finance, and where obligations already legally contracted must increase the debt of the city, the new Comptroller's first duty was to cut off every kind of extravagance, to contest every suspicious claim, to defy the most malicious abuse and the angriest threats, while he endeavored to unravel the almost hopeless confusion of the municipal financial accounts. Certain well-known gentlemen in the city looked into those accounts the year before the exposure, and told us that they were all right. With how light a censure for so enormous an offense have they escaped, while Mr. GREEN, who has faithfully protected the people in their Treasury, and has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public money, has been as bitterly denounced in some quarters as if he had been another TWEED!

The attacks recently renewed upon the Comptroller, and warmly sustained by certain newspapers, suggest the reproduction of a few facts and figures which will justify the public confidence in him, and possibly explain the ferocious tone of some of his assailants. The Senate last spring requested the Comptroller to state the amounts claimed by various city newspapers, and the amounts paid to them during the last five years, and also the amount of the claims and payments since he took office. From the reply of the Comptroller it appeared that the official journal, called the *Transcript*, which was virtually owned by certain "Ring" officials, drew out of the Treasury in the year 1871 the sum of $109,461 65. Its proprietors received in five years $783,498 09, and presented to the Board of Audit a claim for $186,160 20 for the same period of time, making in all the exorbitant total of $969,658 29. It was well understood that other claims were kept back by them when the rigid examination to which they would be subject became apparent. The work of official advertising was done by the *Daily Register, under the new system inaugurated*, for $9500 in 1872!

The *Daily News*, in almost five years preceding the downfall of the Ring, obtained $431,623 07, and presented a claim for $73,706 30, of which only $58,557 60 was allowed by the Board of Audit. As this claim, like most of the others before that board, was for advertising of 1871, the amount paid in five years to this petty evening paper was $489,980 67.

The *World* received the sum of $157,239 17 for advertising during five years; but its claim of $51,401 60 was reduced to $28,014 20.

The *Daily Star* in four years drew $241,471 11, while of its claim for $67,756 20 only $23,233 60 was allowed, making a reduction of $44,522 60.

The *Herald* received $101,050 90 for advertising during five years, but its claim for $44,875 50 was reduced to $33,470 80. Its adjunct, the *Evening Telegram*, owned by the same proprietor, got $63,800 25 for this period, and on its claim for $27,217 17 the Board of Audit allowed $13,847 80.

The *Commercial Advertiser* drew $120,775 60 out of the Treasury in the same time, and on a claim for $59,179 05 the examiners recommended the payment of only $13,825 15.

The *Sunday Mercury*, a weekly paper, in four years obtained the large sum of $112,335 69. Its proprietors presented a claim for $46,331 42, which was reduced by the sum of $32,467 42, only $13,864 being paid. In this case it was ascertained that a large part of the claim presented had been previously paid, and a further examination developed the fact that more than one-fourth of the advertising thus once paid for, and a second time charged for, *had never been done at all.*

The advertisements furnished to the various newspapers were often simply jobs designed to afford large gratuities to those who actually rendered no service, and who failed to produce the evidence of having published them, or even the evidence, by the production of the files, that their papers were published at all for the periods for which they claimed payment.

The rates charged for publishing the proceedings of the Common Council were sometimes 300 per cent. higher than those paid by ordinary business advertisers. One journal published the voluminous message of an ex-Mayor, with the accompanying documents; and while its readers supposed they were being furnished with the public papers as a part of the news of the day, they were actually reading it at the expense of one dollar a line, while the rates for ordinary advertising in the same paper were but forty cents a line. This difference between forty cents and one dollar per line, amounting to $11,000, was disallowed.

The number of the newspapers in the city of New York which were the recipients of this class of official patronage was eighty-nine, of which number twenty-seven have since stopped. All these, with possibly three exceptions, were solely dependent upon this kind of advertising for support.

The total reductions made were $791,635 11 on claims amounting to $2,112,236 57, of which $819,684 29 are not finally disposed of. These were not, however, the only advantages gained in the interest of economy. The cost of the public advertising, which had been $1,093,369 87 in 1871, was reduced to $145,550 10 in 1872. Its cost during the present year can not exceed $25,000; or, in other words, in this branch of the public service more than a million dollars has been annually saved.

The newspapers, as is well known, sent to Albany a lobby of "skilled talent," and the Legislature passed "the newspaper bill," which the Governor vetoed. In his admirable message he said that the pending claims amounted to more than $800,000; that it was not intimated that they were all fraudulent or dishonest; "but that they are, for the most part, exorbitant or unauthorized there can be no doubt." It is the Comptroller who has withstood this assault upon the Treasury, who has dared to do his duty although it might expose him to the utmost misrepresentation and malignant slander. And such an officer, whom nobody ventures to accuse of dishonesty, is surely entitled to the hearty support of the citizens of this tax-ridden city whose money he faithfully defends. Of course there may be differences of opinion as to the expediency of some acts of his administration, as of all administrations. But that he has been a most faithful and courageous public officer there can be no question whatever.

## ONE ASPECT OF THE STOKES TRIAL.

Whatever may be the feeling in regard to the result of the trial of Stokes, there is one aspect of it which it is very agreeable to consider, and that is the attitude of the prosecution and of the court. The District-Attorney, Mr. Phelps, and his assistant, Mr. Russell, conducted the case with great ability and dignity throughout, and Judge Davis left no doubt in any mind as to his firm and absolute impartiality. It is refreshing to feel in a New York criminal court the presence of those qualities upon the part of the government which justly make the administration of the law the final bulwark of society. In some of those courts, under the bench that held certain judges, those qualities had entirely disappeared until the reform of two years ago. The Fisk era, which ends with the Stokes sentence, had prostituted the bench to the defeat of justice and the triumph of rich rascality. It aimed a deadly blow at the freedom of the press, and, under the régime of the Tammany Ring, Tweed, Sweeny, and Hall, was the foe of society.

How entirely this is changed the feeling in regard to the Stokes trial shows, and it is illustrated still further by the character of the nominations for the higher courts made by both parties at the late election. Yet if it should be said that Judge Davis and District-Attorney Phelps, whom we praise, were both elected, and are therefore a justification of the elective system for such offices, the reply is that of the Emperor Alexander to Madame De Staël, who was warmly praising a beneficent despotism—"Yes, madame, but it is only a happy accident." That a judge like Mr. Davis should be elected is a good fortune; but that such a man should be appointed judge would be the rule.

## SENATOR THURMAN AND PARTY ASCENDENCY.

In his speech of rejoicing at Columbus, Ohio, Senator Thurman said:

> "In a free country there will be parties, for all men never did and never will think alike. The party in the ascendant rules for the time, but it holds its power upon the condition that it shall rule honestly and wisely. If it fail to fulfill these conditions it must yield up the reins of government."

If a party holds power, then, it is because it rules honestly and wisely. Now the Republican party has held power in Ohio and the Union for a great many years. Therefore during that time, according to the Senator, it has ruled honestly and wisely. But, if so, why has he been steadily opposed to it? Is he not in favor of a wise and honest government? Senator Thurman proceeds to say that "a victory over misrule" can not be gained without a mighty struggle. But if a party holds power only while it rules honestly and wisely, how, during its ascendency, can it be accused of misrule?

The Senator's remark is entirely untrue. The history of his own party shows that a party may hold power long after it has ceased to rule honestly and wisely. No two words in the language are more inapplicable to the long supremacy of the Democratic party. It retained power not because of the wisdom of its policy and the honesty of its administration, but because of its enormous patronage and unscrupulous use of it, and especially because of the timidity of the better sentiment of the country.

We heartily wish that the Senator's words were true. It would be a happy country in which a government fell the moment it ceased to be honest and wise, only to be replaced by one that was wise and honest.

## FINANCE AND TRADE.

The failure of Hoyt, Spragues, & Co. must have convinced the eminent personages who on September 21 pronounced the panic a "mere affair of stock gamblers," and advised the President to "let the bulls and bears fight out their battle without interference," that they did not understand the situation as thoroughly as they imagined. Even they will not now undertake to deny that while Broad Street continues to suffer severely, the prospect outside of that locality is very dark indeed.

All over the country manufacturers are closing their works and discharging their operatives, simply because they can neither sell the goods they make nor borrow money to carry them until the demand for them revives. The acknowledged leaders in the manufacture of dry-goods have set the example of closing the bulk of their factories, and smaller makers are following the example. Iron forges in this State and Pennsylvania which have never cooled since they were first set up are being closed, and the men thrown out of employ at the commencement of winter. It is roughly estimated that forty per cent. of the Northern forges are at the present time out of blast. Necessity has compelled the Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania railroads to stop all new construction, and even all but the most necessary repairs, thus adding thirty to forty thousand men to the throng of idle workmen. Throughout the West the same policy is being pursued. Work is stopped on all new railroads, and all hands are being dismissed from rolling-mills and car-building works. Letters from New England announce that in the manufacturing towns of that section from one-half to two-thirds of the operatives are being or have been discharged. Altogether an army of workmen to be counted rather by hundreds than tens of thousands is being let loose on society to be provided for throughout the winter.

In mercantile circles the depression is equally marked. Cotton has declined twenty per cent. since the new crop began to come forward, middling uplands selling at fourteen cents as against seventeen and a half early in September. Wheat has fallen about fifteen cents a bushel, No. 2 Milwaukee selling at $1 35 as against $1 50, and flour has declined from forty to fifty cents a barrel in the face of short crops and an active demand abroad. Dry-goods, both domestic and foreign, are hard to sell at a reduction of twenty to twenty-five per cent. from the prices of September; for large lines still greater concessions would gladly be made for cash. In teas, sugars, and metals the losses of importers are absolutely frightful. In consequence of the fall in prices, and the dullness of the markets at the decline, a very large proportion of the mercantile paper held at bank is not being met at maturity, and the proportion of bank assets which in the slang of bank parlors is known as "dead weight"—to be made good if prices improve, and not otherwise—is steadily on the increase.

Meanwhile the condition of the city banks is rather improving. Within the past fortnight the greenbacks have increased from five and a half to over thirteen millions, and as the large receipts of gold from England have naturally gone into bank, there is some reason to believe that when the pooling arrangement ceases the banks will hold a reserve nearly if not quite equal to the amount required by law. This, however, will be due as much to the diminution of liabilities by the withdrawal of deposits as to the increase of money on hand. As a general rule, the banks in the interior cities have resumed greenback payments. Here the banks still assume the right of refusing to pay greenbacks to parties who want to hoard them, but no person requiring them for legitimate commercial use finds any difficulty in obtaining them from his bank. They command no premium in open market. The banks continue as heretofore to decline to lend money on call, and reserve what means they have for the accommodation of merchants and manufacturers.

In watching the course of events, one is forcibly reminded of the dark days of 1857. History is faithfully repeating itself. Undue bank expansion in the spring and summer of 1857, especially in regard to railway construction, produced its natural fruit—bank embarrassment. Driven to the wall, the banks tried to save themselves by calling in loans and refusing discounts. The result was obvious. Deposits were withdrawn, and the associated banks failed. Liquidation ensued. In the course of a few weeks the banks were enabled to resume, and industry and commerce throughout the country having come to a stand-still, money poured into the New York banks for employment. Loans were forced upon the brokers, and in the ninety days which commenced on 1st November, 1857, stocks rose from twenty-five to forty per cent. Mercantile paper which had been hawked round the streets in October at three per cent. a month was eagerly bought in February at five per cent. per annum. It was an accepted axiom at bank that a merchant who had gone through the crisis of October must be sound. Unfortunately the crisis of 1857, unlike the crisis of 1873, was caused not alone by excessive bank expansion, but in a still greater degree by a general crop failure. Hence, after the burst of good feeling caused by the accumulation of idle money in the New York city banks, a second sober thought supervened which was less pleasant. It was discovered that the West was absolutely ruined. Not only was it impossible to make collections, but towns and counties which had bonded their property for the construction of railroads were unable to make even an attempt to levy money for the payment of interest on the bonds they had issued. In many Western towns it was impossible to procure change for a five-dollar note. Western insolvency involved the ruin of Eastern merchants who had traded with the West, and the banks lost more money by protested paper in the calm summer of 1858 than they had lost in the storm of the previous October.

It is in this respect that our present trouble differs from the trouble through which we passed sixteen years ago. The crops are uniformly large, and there is an active demand for them abroad. Instead of calling upon us for help, and failing on us, the West is in a condition to help us materially, and is doing so. Merchants who have debts due to them by the West have no fears of ultimate loss. The banks of St. Louis and Chicago are really sounder, relatively, than the banks of New York. There is much hope and comfort to be derived from the fact.

On the other hand, it can not be denied that there is less confidence now than at any time in 1857. So many people have been ruined by the failure of the bankers with whom they had lodged their money that it seems as though no one was willing to trust what he has left out of his trowsers pocket. For the first time in our history failures have failed to clear the air and ease the money market. In 1857 when the merchants and brokers failed the worst was over, and recovery set in. This year each successive failure seems to intensify the prevailing distrust, and to diminish instead of increasing the supply of money required by the merchants and the brokers.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third trial of Edward S. Stokes, for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., ended on the 29th ult., with a verdict by the jury of manslaughter in the third degree. The judge, in sentencing the prisoner, refused to entertain the appeals of counsel for leniency, saying that the jury had exhausted all the mercy that should be shown to him. The Court then imposed the highest sentence warranted by law—four years' imprisonment at hard labor in Sing Sing.

The yellow fever in the Southwest is abating. The Mayor of Memphis in a circular note returns thanks to those who have rendered assistance, and adds that while the fever no longer exists in epidemic form, there is nevertheless great need for the twelve hundred persons now sick and convalescing, and for the relief of hundreds of families who have been left destitute, and that this necessity will no doubt continue to exist for many weeks to come. Any future contributions of money or supplies will be thankfully received and properly applied.

The business portion of the town of Canastota, New York, was burned, October 26, causing a loss of $150,000. The best section of the town of Reno, Nevada, has also been destroyed, involving a loss of $100,000; and in Freehold, New Jersey, $150,000 worth of property has been burned up.

The Comanche Indians are again on the war-path in Western Texas. Several murders have been committed recently, and large quantities of stock run off. Two companies of soldiers from Fort Richardson are in pursuit of the savages.

The Board of Aldermen of this city recently authorized a loan of $2,500,000 to the Industrial Exhibition Company, but the motion was subsequently reconsidered, and the subject indefinitely tabled.

Governor Dix has offered a reward of $3000 for information that will convict the perpetrators of the Kelsey murder at Huntington, Long Island.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Comte de Chambord has written a letter to M. De Chesnelong, one of the delegation from the Right which recently waited on him. The count says misapprehensions have arisen tending to obscure his policy, which is as clear as day. He owes the whole truth to the country. He is asked to sacrifice his honor. He emphatically declares that he retracts nothing, curtails nothing, of his previous declarations. The claims of yesterday foreshadow what would be exacted to-morrow. He can not inaugurate a strong reign by an act of weakness. He energetically refuses to relinquish the "white flag." He indignantly repels the insinuations that he mistrusts the valor of the soldiers. M. De Chesnelong immediately returned the fatal letter, urging its modification, but the count insisted that it should stand. The monarchists are in despair, while the republicans are jubilant.

The old Opera-house in the Rue le Peletier, Paris, was destroyed by fire on the 29th ult. This theatre was the scene of the French Carnival, the *bal d'opera*, which for nearly a century has rivaled the world-famed Carnival of Rome. It was the second largest theatre in Paris, and could seat 3000 persons. Some of the most noted plays of the century were first produced there. Its audience parlor was hung around with valuable portraits and pictures. It was also the scene of two attempts on the life of Napoleon III. Its destruction will entail an immense loss, as there were always stored in its great galleries a large quantity of scenery, which was painted and manufactured by special artists employed on the premises. It is said that it contained a wardrobe sufficient for 30,000 persons.

The French government has prohibited the circulation of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* in France. M. Lefevre, of the Paris *Rappel*, has been tried and acquitted of Communism.

The Jesuits left their convents in Rome on the 2d inst. Several of them are coming to this country. The Father-General goes to Belgium.

The defense in the Tichborne trial rested their case on the 27th ult., and an adjournment was ordered till 17th inst., when important witnesses are expected to arrive from America.

Elections for municipal officers were held in Paris on the 26th ult., resulting in the general success of the republican candidates.

The Spanish Intransigentes captured 20,000,000 reals in specie from the merchant vessels off Valencia.—The government is preparing to send 5000 additional troops to Cuba to quell the rebellion.—Sixty-six lives were lost by the sinking of the Intransigente vessel *Fernando el Catolico.*

The preliminary elections for the Landtag have been carried by the liberals with large majorities. The clericals carried Münster. Posen elects 142 Germans and 50 Poles.

The World's Fair at Vienna was formally closed on the 2d inst.

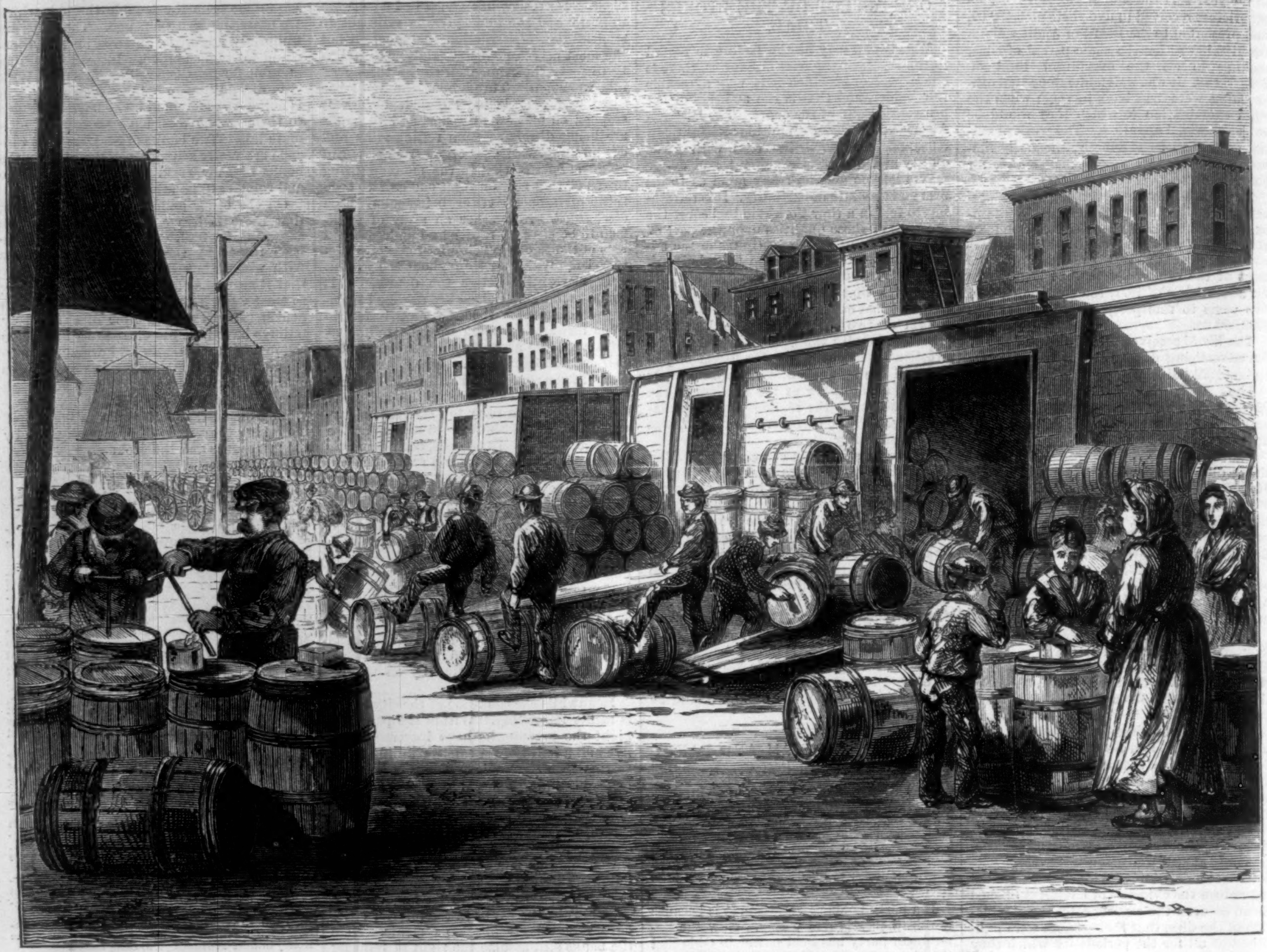
Prince Bismarck has been re-appointed President of the Prussian Ministry in place of General Von Roon. It is understood that his restoration to the post carries with it the effective control of the whole cabinet, which he demanded previous to his resignation some time ago.

The law for the reorganization of the Italian army has been promulgated. The strength of the standing forces is fixed at 214,000 men.

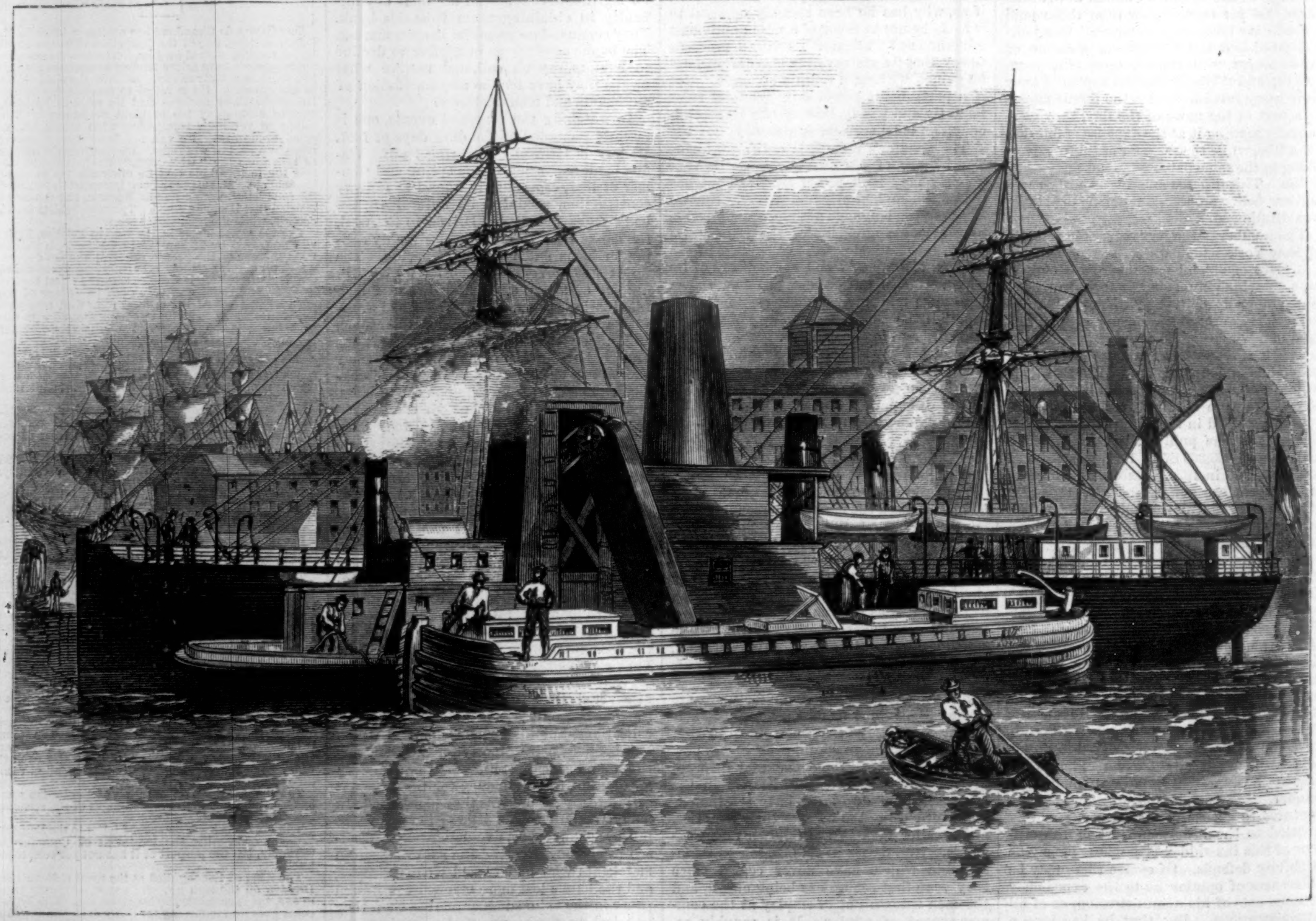
The Pope has written a second letter to the Emperor William, concerning the treatment of Catholics in Germany, but the purport of it has not yet been made public.

The King of Saxony died at the royal château near Dresden on the 29th ult. He was seventy-two years of age, and is succeeded by his eldest son. The British court goes into mourning for thirty days, and the Emperor of Germany has sent the Crown Prince to condole with the bereaved family.

The East Indian crops have failed, and a wide-spread famine is regarded as inevitable.

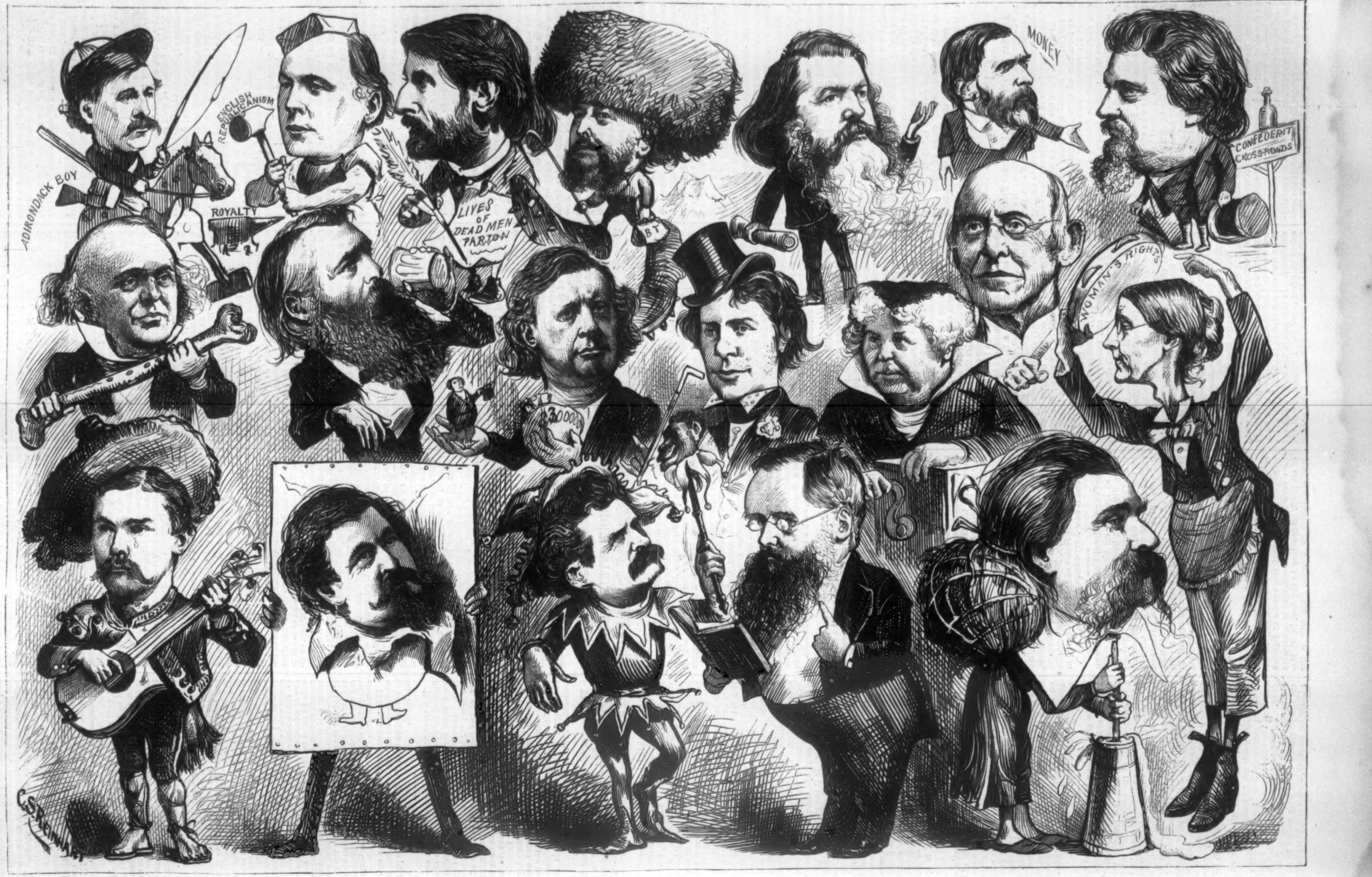


SCENE ON THE GREAT FLOUR DOCKS, COENTIES SLIP, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.



GRAIN-ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING CARGO FROM A CANAL-BOAT TO A SHIP.

SHIPMENT OF GRAIN AND FLOUR.—From Sketches by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 1014.]


ADIRONDACK BOY
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WOMAN'S RIGHTS
C.S. REINHART

THE LYCEUM COMMITTEEMAN'S DREAM—SOME POPULAR LECTURERS IN CHARACTER.

## THE NEW YORK FLOUR AND GRAIN TRADE.

Now that the question of cheaper transportation has been brought so prominently before the country, every feature of it is regarded by the people with great interest, and none more so, perhaps, than that of the flour and grain trade, the leading sea-board dépôt of which is the city of New York.

Some idea of the magnitude of this branch of business is conveyed by the statistics of the past year, as published in the annual report of the Produce Exchange. According to these figures, there were received at the port of New York during the twelve months ending December 31, 1872, more than 3,000,000 barrels of flour, and over 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, corn, oats, barley, pease, and malt, in addition to nearly 1,500,000 bushels of corn meal. Of these, an average of about one-half was sent abroad, or, in round numbers, as follows: flour, 1,200,000 barrels; grain, 40,000,000 bushels; and corn meal, 1,000,000 bushels. The other half was retained for home consumption. The flour is nearly all brought here by rail, only a small percentage coming by water routes. The largest carriers are the Erie and the New York Central and Hudson River roads, each of which brought one-third of the entire quantity shipped during the year. The remaining third was divided chiefly between the Camden and Amboy and New Jersey Central roads and coasting vessels of various lines. Not so with grain, however, the most of which is brought by water. Three-fifths of all that was shipped during the year came by the North River boats, while one-fifth came by the Erie Railroad, and about one-sixteenth by the New York Central and Hudson River line.

The principal point at which the flour is received in New York is Coenties Slip, on the East River, near the lower end of South Street. The New York Central Railroad docks include piers 4 and 5, and the Erie piers 7 and 8. The illustration given by our artist on page 1012 graphically represents a scene daily witnessed on pier 8. Two of the great barges employed by the Erie Company in bringing the flour from the terminus of the road at Jersey City are moored at the dock. One is discharging cargo, while the other waits for an opportunity of doing so. Five of these boats are constantly engaged in this work, each of them bringing from 2000 to 3000 barrels. During the season, which opens early in September and lasts till the holidays, two or three cargoes are landed daily by the Erie Company, and as many, if not more, by the New York Central. Gangs of men are busy from morning till night in rolling the barrels from barge to dock, where, after inspection, they are piled up to await the orders from the consignees. On the left may be seen the inspectors boring into the barrels to get samples from which to test the quality of the flour. These men are employed by the receivers of shipments, and are required to be experts to discriminate closely between all the various shades of qualities presented. On the right of the picture is the "plugger," who follows the inspectors, and plugs the holes made by them in the heads of the barrels. The group of women who stand near by are watching for the flour that falls out when the barrels are rolled. Every handful of the waste material is eagerly gathered up from under their feet, and stowed in dirty aprons or baskets, to be carried away and made into waffles dispensed to hungry small boys at the street corners.

Another scene of equal interest, shown by our artist on the same page, is that of transferring grain for foreign shipment from the canal-boat to the steamer. By means of the elevator several hundred bushels of grain are run from the hold of one vessel to that of the other in the almost incredibly short space of from four to five hours, and sometimes even less, without breaking bulk. The advantages of this system over the old one of hoisting the grain by bag or bushel are inestimable. Not only is there a great saving of labor, and a consequent reduction of the cost of transferring, but the time occupied in the process is not to be compared with that of the method formerly in vogue. A vessel may thus easily take her cargo of grain in a day, and that without interrupting the shipment of goods from the dock.

## PERSONAL.

Admiral Palo is succeeded by Señor Figueras as Spanish minister at Washington. He is a gentleman of conceded ability and high personal character. Should he succeed in making himself as acceptable to the people of this country as Admiral Palo has done, he will be able to congratulate himself upon being one of the most fortunate of men. No gentleman ever served his country with greater zeal, fidelity, and discretion than has Admiral Palo during his mission to the United States.

—Mrs. Yamo, wife of the Japanese chargé d'affaires at Washington, is at San Francisco with her husband. In the future history of adventurous females Mrs. Yamo will be known as the first Japanese lady who ever left her native country to join her husband in foreign lands. She is to be one of the Oriental stars of Washington society during the coming winter.

—Mr. Delane, the present editor of the London *Times*, is the son of William F. A. Delane, former financial manager of that paper, who died in 1858. Mr. Delane is now just fifty-six years of age, and was educated at Oxford. In 1839, when only twenty-two years of age, he became assistant editor of the *Times* under the late Mr. Barnes, on whose death, in 1841, he succeeded to the chief post of responsibility as editor of that journal.

—General Custer, whose late Indian campaign has given him additional reputation as a cavalryman and Indian fighter, listened recently to a lecture on how to save the Indians. He said that the doctrine was good for the inside of a church, but no man could practice it on the plains and have "hair left on the top of his head, on the place where the hair ought to grow." Custer probably shares the opinion of his old comrade, Phil Sheridan, who held to the belief that the only really good Indian is a dead Indian.

—On the 26th ult. Charles Sprague, the poet and banker, of Boston, entered on his eighty-third year, and though long confined to his house by lameness, is bright and cheery as ever, as fond of his books, and with conversational powers unimpaired. In 1825 he was chosen cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston—a bank which from its organization at that time down to the present has never failed to make its regular dividends. The poem which first gave him celebrity was a *Shakspeare Ode* delivered at the Boston Theatre just fifty years ago. Like Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Old South, and J. R. Osgood & Co., Mr. Sprague constitutes one of the most interesting features of Boston.

—When the tenor Maccaferi was here they said his real name was M'Caffery, and it is now claimed that Salvini's real name is Sullivan. We all know that Shakspeare privately believed that O'Thello was an Irishman, and M'Beth a Scotchman; and it was perfectly plain that when in this country, Kossuth, then popularly alluded to as "the great Magyar," was simply Mr. Maguire. People often change their names.

—The wealthiest of modern princes is doubtless the Duc d'Aumale, whose estate, in due course, will go to the Comte de Paris, who is not a millionaire. It has, therefore, been a fortunate occasion for the count to be reinstated in the family castle at Amboise, famous in history for the triumph of the Guises over the "dumb captain," the Prince of Condé. A short time ago the Comte and Comtesse de Paris visited the property, after being restored to them, in a very quiet manner, and alone. Not being known, the house porter, like all such Cerberuses in France, was rude. The count threw open the window of the dining-room to admire the landscape, and was ordered not to do so by the porter. The two visitors inspected other portions of the building, and on departing passed through the dining-room, when the porter brutally called upon the count to close the window. The latter replied, coldly, "I shall do so when I come to inhabit the castle in a few weeks." That porter subsequently was permitted to evade the premises.

—A memorial window to the celebrated Dr. Jenner is to be placed in the parish church at Berkeley, his native town. The subject of the memorial will represent, in nine groups, Christ's miracle of healing the sick. It is just ninety-seven years since Edward Jenner first directed his attention to the subject of inoculation. He pursued it steadily for twenty years, and having at length established its efficacy, the practice was introduced into the London hospitals, army, navy, etc., and finally extended to every part of the globe. Honors and rewards came to him. Parliamentary grants of $50,000 and $100,000 were conferred upon him. Learned societies at home and abroad showered honors upon him, and his fame was established as one of the great discoverers of the time and as a public benefactor.

—The "personal" department has found its way outside these columns, a Pennsylvania clergyman having made a hit by introducing into his prayers a suggestion to the following effect: "Lord have mercy on John Shunahan, who keeps a saloon near the old red bridge. Either lay him upon a bed of sickness, or have him removed from this town."

—The "Hermit of Hradschin" is the rather fanciful title given to the ex-Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, who abdicated in 1848, and now lives at Prague, in the palace known as the Hradschin. His wife is a princess of Savoy.

—Mr. Charles Paget and his wife were swept from the rocks at Filey Brigg, England, on the 13th October, and perished in the sea. Mr. Paget had represented Nottingham in the British Parliament, and had been for many years an advocate of popular education and a firm supporter of the best schemes for the amelioration of the condition of children working in factories and on farms.

—Colonel Morton M'Michael has yet to wreak direful vengeance on Colonel Forney. The latter, in one of his recent numbers of "Anecdotes of Public Men," is so reckless of the ordinary conventionalities between newspaper men as to speak of Colonel M'Michael as sixty-six years old, each and every of which has been passed in Philadelphia. "He has been alderman, sheriff, and mayor, and is now president of the Fairmount Park Commission, president of the Union League, and delegate at large in the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention. But no man living has mingled more freely or more equally with eminent characters of every country. His peculiar talents are so fitted for society and for public affairs that he rapidly became the representative man of the community. A frank and easy address, a full command of the choicest language, pronounced in a voice of rare music and magnetism, a faithful memory, perfect composure at all times, stores of exhaustless humor, and a youthful fondness for jokes; add to these unusual sagacity and good sense, perfect integrity in all his dealings, courage in every emergency—as proved by his manly bearing in the riots of 1844, when he braved an infuriated Native American mob, and repeatedly risked his life to maintain the public peace; familiar with every topic of the day, whether of art or politics, finance or religion, and uncommonly gifted to defend his opinions by speech and pen: such is Morton M'Michael, the editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *North American*, the oldest daily paper in the United States." That is what Colonel Forney says. But one thing he has omitted to say, namely, that as the presiding man at the higher order of public entertainments, the great dinners and festivals of the time, the notable charities of the day, when timeliness and tact are every thing, Colonel M'Michael is probably the foremost man in the United States, and what is more, he is universally respected and beloved.

—Mr. Edward Peacock, of Bottesford Manor, Brigg, Lincolnshire, England, writes to *Notes and Queries* the following as to a certain word much in use in this republic: "John Wesley was born in Lincolnshire, and like a wise man, as he was, did not disdain the folk-speech of his childhood. In this part of the world we all say *calved* in, never caved in. I remember well the first time I ever heard the word. I was a little boy, and spoke our vernacular much more fluently than I did book-English; but this word was unknown to me, when one day I was walking with my father to look at some 'bankers' who were engaged in widening a drain. Suddenly three of them jumped out of the cutting, shouting out, 'Tak' heed, lads, there's a *cawlf* a-comin'!' I, in my simplicity, looked around for the calf, which, as I imagined, had escaped from the fold-yard."

—Poor Rochefort! his property was sold at auction in Paris, in October, and produced the beggarly sum of $709. Out of this had to be paid $105 of debts, leaving as the whole fortune of his children $600, save the value of an unpublished novel. The considerable profits obtained from the *Lanterne* and *Mot d' Ordre* have gone no one knows where. At one time his income from the *Lanterne* was not less than $50,000 a year.

—Caird & Co., of Greenock, are now building for the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steam-ship Company the largest mercantile vessel in the world, the *Great Eastern* alone excepted. Her extreme length is 516 feet, breadth of beam 44 feet, depth of hold 37 feet, tonnage 5065.

—The estate of the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer has been sold under the direction of the Court of Chancery. The debts against the estate amounted to about $53,000, whereas the assets derived from the sale were about $21,000—leaving the confiding creditors to mourn a loss of a little over fifty per cent.

—Speaking of Washburns, a gentleman of leisure who has been peering into the matter gives the following as the most correct list of the family yet published: Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, Minister to France; Cadwallader C. Washburn, Governor of Wisconsin; William B. Washburn, Governor of Massachusetts; Peter T. Washburn, ex-Governor of Vermont; Israel Washburn, ex-Governor of Maine; W. E. Washburn, defeated candidate for Governor of Minnesota; Henry D. Washburn, ex-member of Congress from Indiana, Charles A. Washburn, of California, ex-minister to Paraguay.

—King Frederick the Great died. His uniform, by an old Prussian custom, became the property of his valet. This has been preserved in the inheritor's family up to a few weeks ago, when, the head of that family dying, the heirs resolved to convert it into coin. It was disposed of to a dealer in old clothes for 150 thalers. The old-clothes merchant soon met with a patriotic admirer of historical relics, who invested 500 thalers in the suit. The next purchaser was a Briton, who ventured the comparatively high price of 8000 thalers ($6000) upon it, hoping to realize as much as $15,000 by reselling. A prince of the reigning house in Prussia was anxious to possess himself of the venerable suit, but the price staggered him. An enterprising speculator has now shipped the interesting garments to the United States, where he believes he can obtain even a higher price than that asked of the great king's descendant.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The religious press of the United States has for the last three weeks been occupied with the discussion of the results of the recent Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. All agree in pronouncing it a great success. As a demonstration of the essential unity of Protestantism it will have its effect upon the whole Christian world. The very few matters complained of prove the extreme care taken by the managers in their preparations.

As an illustration, however, of the manner in which news is made up and sent around the world, it may be stated that a cable dispatch went over to Europe announcing that "a number of members of the Alliance deemed it their duty to record their formal protest against the aggressive attitude taken by the Evangelical Alliance toward the Romish Church." When it is remembered that the tone of the Alliance toward Romanism was pre-eminently moderate and candid, such a telegram is unaccountable.

Quite an excitement has been created in the city of Rome by the renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith made by Father Paolo Grassi, one of the canons of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. He is described by the *Italian News* as "a man of great erudition, advanced age, and benignant and commanding presence." He unites with the Baptists, having been immersed by the Rev. James Wall, of the Baptist mission. In the address delivered by him immediately before baptism Father Grassi said that "his convictions had led him to leave the Church of Rome, and join a sect of Christians who worshiped God not according to the dogmas and superstitions invented by men, but in accordance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Holy Scriptures, and taught by the divine-inspired apostles."

The Rev. John Franklin Spaulding, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has been elected missionary bishop of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, in place of Right Rev. G. M. Randall, D.D., deceased. "The bishop elect was born in Maine, graduated at Bowdoin College, and the General Theological Seminary, New York; has been for the past ten years rector of St. Paul's Church in Erie, and is now forty-two years of age."

The Congregational Union of England assembled at Ipswich on Monday, October 13. Between five and six hundred ministers were present. The introductory sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. Graham. The most important subject discussed was the formation of Church Councils in the counties for mutual advice and fellowship. The Union declined to unite with the "Vigilance Committee appointed at a conference of Churchmen and Non-conformists" in London, July 10, for the purpose of arresting the progress of ritualism in the national Establishment. The Congregationalists of England have committed themselves to disestablishment. Numerous and valuable papers were read during the sessions of the meeting.

Those who are engaged in securing the rights of women in England and America may be encouraged to know that the women of Burmah have been from time immemorial in possession of them all. According to the Rev. Dr. F. Mason, missionary in Tougoo, "the wife is the treasurer, and keeps the cash. When money is wanted the husband goes to the wife, and not the wife to the husband. The women do most of the trading, superintend farms, advise in law cases, and occasionally help their husbands on the judicial bench. Married women often trade independently of their husbands, and can acquire and hold property in their own names. They can sue and be sued, and whenever they are weary of their husbands they can obtain legal divorces on no stronger plea than 'incompatibility of disposition.' Still the 'suits relating to marriage, dower, and divorce' in all the courts of British Burmah for 1869–70 were only 1178 in a population of two millions and a half."

A very noteworthy discourse was that delivered by the Rev. Eustace B. Conder, the chairman of the English Congregational Union, on the "Decay of Theology." Its object is to show that practical Christian life has in this century taken precedence of dogma. One passage will be read with attention by both the friends and the opponents of the Augustinian system. We quote:

> "The old theology was not overthrown by argument. Calvinism is an iron ring of logic, which the hammer has not yet been forged that can break. It was burst asunder by the expansive force of love. The breaking-point of the strain was the restriction it laid on an honest offer of salvation to all. Men began to suspect that if their theory of the Gospel hindered the Gospel, they were paying too dear for logic. It was possible there might be a hidden flaw in their reasoning; it was impossible God should be insincere. Perhaps they were consuming in defense of orthodoxy energy which should have been spent in turning many to righteousness—manning the battlements of the city of refuge, when they should have been throwing wide its gates to the wretched refugees of sin, and compelling them to come in. Possibly, also, they were taking hold of the wrong end of the great problem of human salvation in beginning with the eternal decrees of God and the eternal covenant between the Father and the Son, instead of busying themselves with the end put into their hands by their Saviour's command—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

It is not our function to express any opinion whatever on the statement here made, but only, as chroniclers of ecclesiastical events, to place it on record.

The troubles of the German bishops are not limited to Posen. Most of them have already been fined for infractions of the ecclesiastical laws. The correspondent of the London *Guardian* says: "I have not seen a single instance, as yet, of any priest, appointed in defiance of the law, obeying the orders of the government to give up his preferment, and now, as fines seem useless, the police authorities have in most cases entered the parsonage and forcibly removed the parish books and the church key, so that public service can not be performed, and all private ministrations are deprived of the possibility of civil registration. Thus in the dioceses of Cologne, Breslau, Trier, and Fulda many parishes are rendered vacant."

The Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church held its annual meeting in this city on Monday, October 27. The receipts for 1873 for domestic missions have been $163,823, which is an increase over 1871 and 1872.

The Romanists tried to break up a meeting of the Old Catholics at Dortmund, in Westphalia, but with small success. Reinkens, Knoodt, and Von Schulte were all present. An eyewitness reports: "While the ticket-holders were being admitted into the room a body of men appeared, who made a rush at the doors, and for the moment carried the police and all the officials before them. They soon made their presence known, for when the president rose to open the meeting, his voice was drowned in howls, hisses, whistles, etc. For about twenty minutes the saturnalia proceeded, until it seemed that we were on the verge of a free fight. I saw one man start up quite suddenly, and deliberately begin to punch his neighbors' heads in a promiscuous manner. The danger was promptly met by the appearance of six helmeted policemen, who marched in at the door, and in less time than it takes to write it the uproar was quelled. The gens-d'armes plunged into the middle of the crowd, seized each howler by his neck, and in ten seconds he was pitched, like a shot from a gun, through the open doors into the middle of the street. When six or eight men had been thus hustled out, the meeting proceeded without the smallest sign of further disturbance."

The result of the meeting was the formation of an Old Catholic Union with fifty members. Bishop Reinkens will apply immediately for recognition from the governments of Baden, Hesse, and Bavaria. No opposition is apprehended.

Under the new law of Geneva, elections for three pastors of the Catholic churches of that city have been held. The ultramontanes abstained from voting. Fathers Hyacinthe, Hartault, and Chavaud were chosen without opposition. They were to be installed October 19. This puts the Old Catholics in possession of the ecclesiastical property of the city, with the salaries from the city treasury. The *Tablet* declares that the churches will be placed under an interdict. Before the election the deputy mayors of the canton issued an address denouncing the new law.

In the way of plain though courteous speaking the correspondence between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany is not to be excelled. The Pope had heard that the Emperor personally disapproved of the ecclesiastical measures of his government, and thus appeals to him: "If, then, it be true that your Majesty does not approve of your government continuing in the path it has chosen of further extending its rigorous measures against the religion of Jesus Christ, whereby the latter is most injuriously affected, will your Majesty, then, not become convinced that these measures have no other effect than that of undermining your Majesty's own throne? I speak with frankness, for my banner is Truth."

The Emperor undeceives the Pope on this point. His words are very emphatic:

"I am conscious that I owe hereafter an account of the accomplishment of this my kingly duty. I shall maintain order and law in my states against all attacks as long as God gives me the power. I am in duty bound to do it as a Christian monarch, even when, to my sorrow, I have to fulfill this royal duty against servants of a Church which, I suppose, acknowledges no less than the Evangelical Church that the commandment of obedience to secular authority is an emanation of the revealed will of God. Many of the priests in Prussia subject to your Holiness disown, to my regret, the Christian doctrine in this respect, and place my government under the necessity—supported by the great majority of my loyal Catholic and Evangelical subjects—of extorting obedience to the law by worldly means. I willingly entertain the hope that your Holiness, upon being informed of the true position of affairs, will use your authority to put an end to the agitation carried on amidst deplorable distortion of the truth and abuse of priestly authority."

Father O'Keeffe is still in trouble. The Irish Commissioners of Education will not reinstate him as a supervisor of schools without an examination of his fitness. To this he decidedly objects, and demands an unconditional restoration.

The Church Congress at Bath, as far as numbers can determine success, was immensely successful. Over 6000 admission tickets were issued. Many valuable papers were presented on topics both of general and special interest. Those on the union of church and state candidly admitted the dangers which threaten the Establishment, yet were by no means despondent in their tone. Mr. T. Hughes demanded the removal of the remaining disabilities under which Dissenters are placed. He thus described one of them: "Besides the legal disabilities, you know very well there has been a social inferiority which I am afraid Churchmen have taken care to make Dissenters feel. ["No, no," and cheers.] I am glad this is denied, but I myself have seen some traces of it. The great disabilities have gone, and, I am thankful to say, forever; and those traces which still remain I hope we shall have some day cease, and follow those which have gone before. Will you let this social inferiority go too? If so, then I believe a very different feeling will arise between the voluntary bodies and the Church; and if we no longer return railing for railing, but treat them as non-conforming members of the Church of England ["No, no," and cheers], as they must be, whether they like it or not, we shall soon find that the danger which has been pointed out will soon disappear. [Cheers.]"

On September 25 the new articles of the Constitution of Mexico separating church and state were proclaimed with much ceremony, and the oaths taken by the President and Congress.

The German Methodists, or, as they call themselves, the "Evangelical Association," conduct a very prosperous publishing house. According to the annual statement, made October 14, the amount of property held by the house is $243,294; the profits for the year have been $44,224. Two weekly papers are issued. One of them, the *Christliche Botschafter*, having a circulation of 19,000 copies, and the other, the *Evangelical Messenger*, 10,000 circulation. The work of publishing is carried on in the city of Cleveland.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

One of the special results of the United States geological and geographical survey of the Territories, in charge of Professor F. V. Hayden, during the past summer (and of which Mr. James T. Gardner is the geographer), has been the discovery that Colorado Territory is the centre of the greatest elevation of the Rocky Mountain chain. In Central Colorado the chain proper is about 120 miles broad, made up of three lofty parallel ranges, running nearly north-northwest, and flanked from the west by great plateaus and groups of peaks. Between the ranges lie the great elevated basins known as "parks." The front range, which rises abruptly from the plains, is seen from Denver in a grand panorama 120 miles long. From its snowy serrated crest rise many peaks between 13,000 and 14,000 feet high. These are Long's, Gray's, and Pike's peaks, Mount Torrey, Mount Rosa, and Mount Evans.

On the west side of the parks is the Park Range, whose highest group is at Mount Lincoln, this and Quandary Peak each rising to about 14,000 feet. Mount Lincoln forms the base of all the hypsometric works of the Hayden survey on the high peaks. Denver has already been connected with the sea by two lines run with the spirit level.

During the past summer the Denver, South Park, and Pacific Railway Company completed their line of levels from Denver to Fairplay, and, at the instance of Dr. Hayden, continued the survey to the top of Mount Lincoln, where a permanent meteorological station had been established, under the care of Captain Bruce, the owner of the remarkable mines located on the summit of the mountain.

The heights of all the culminating peaks have been determined barometrically by reference to this peak, and we are promised that the results shall surpass in accuracy any of the high mountain measurements yet made in this country. The survey has also established a permanent meteorological station at Fairplay, 10,000 feet above the sea, and another at Cañon City, about 6000 feet. These stations are all connected by a spirit-level line, and the comparison of their observations will be of remarkable interest.

The National Range lies east of the Park Range, and is separated from it by the Arkansas Valley. For the grandeur of its form and the height of its peaks this is one of the most striking ranges on the continent. At its northern end is the Mount of the Holy Cross, a peak about 13,300 feet high. The eastern front is a precipice 3000 feet high, on whose dark front gleams a brilliant white cross of snow, so large and perfect that at the distance of fifty miles it is quite conspicuous.

South of the Holy Cross the whole range is elevated 13,000 feet, towering like a buttressed wall above the Arkansas Valley. At quite regular intervals rise the culminating peaks, ten of these being from 14,000 to 14,400 feet high.

West of the National Range rises the great group of Elk Mountains, five of whose peaks are 14,000 feet high. These are the White House, Capitol, Castle Peak, Maroon Mountain, and one unnamed. So far as known, there are in the district explored the past season by the survey seventy-two peaks, ranging from 14,000 to 14,200 feet in height. Mount Lincoln stands near the centre of the mass, from whose summit may be counted more than two hundred peaks not less than 13,000 feet high.

Professor Coste, the eminent French pisciculturist and zoologist, whose death, at the age of sixty-six, has recently been announced, was born in 1807, and at an early age devoted himself to the study of embryology and the development of animals, receiving in 1834 a gold medal from the Academy of Sciences for his researches on the generation of mammifers and the formation of embryos. He was early attached to the Museum of Natural History of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and distinguished himself to such a degree that a special chair was established for him at the College of France. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1851, replacing De Blainville. He took great interest in the artificial culture of fishes, zealously adopting the discoveries of Joseph Rémy, and the great establishment at Hüningen, on the Upper Rhine, was constructed under his superintendence, and conducted under his direction.

In 1855 he was charged with peopling the river and lake in the Bois de Boulogne with fishes, and in 1862 was appointed inspector-general of the river and coast fisheries. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a report having for its object the regulation of the sardine fisheries of the coast of France, and which was so nearly completed that it will probably soon make its appearance.

To Professor Coste we owe several treatises on fish-culture, which have served as the basis for numerous labors in this direction, although at present the science has advanced considerably beyond where he left it.

Wonderful as have been the discoveries of extinct vertebrate life in the tertiary and cretaceous deposits of the West, the developments made in Colorado during the summer of 1873 by the expedition of Professor Hayden appear to be the most marvelous of all, the species found being not only numerous, but entirely peculiar to the region, and, with scarcely an exception, new to science. In several papers lately published by Professor Cope, we find descriptions of no less than fifty-three species of mammals, five of serpents, seven of saurians, and four of tortoises; and it is believed that a careful study of the immense collections made will ultimately reveal double this number. The precise locality and its exact geological position have not been announced, but will doubtless be given in a detailed account which will accompany Professor Hayden's report.

The bed was discovered by Mr. James Stevenson, of Professor Hayden's party, and the erptoration was made by Professor Cope under its auspices.

We regret to announce the death, at the age of sixty-six, of Mr. Jules Verreaux, the eminent French ornithologist and assistant naturalist in the National Museum of France. For many years Mr. Verreaux occupied a high position among ornithologists, being one of the few who were conversant with the species of all portions of the globe. A contemporary of Charles Bonaparte, he worked in connection with him for many years, and aided him greatly in the preparation of his various works. Indeed, there are few ornithologists of modern times who are not under obligations to him for his researches made in the Paris museum, and for his assistance in identifying rare or doubtful species. Mr. Verreaux was a man of great simplicity of manners, and entirely bound up in his scientific work, having no thought beyond it. During the recent war between France and Germany he escaped to London, where he was kindly cared for by his scientific friends—among them Dr. Sclater, Mr. Salvin, and others—but returned as soon as practicable to Paris, where he resumed his position in the museum. Mr. Verreaux many years ago distinguished himself by certain explorations carried on in Africa and elsewhere, and at one time he was associated with his brother, Edward Verreaux, as dealers in objects of natural history, under the title of Verreaux & Brother, a firm of world-wide reputation. Very many of the specimens in the New York Museum of Natural History were purchased from the widow of Edward Verreaux—among others the magnificent group representing an Arab on a camel defending himself from an attack by lions.

For many years past Mr. Verreaux has been engaged upon a systematic work on general ornithology, suggested by the *Synopsis Avium* of Bonaparte, but much more elaborate in character. It is to be hoped that this has been left in such a condition as to permit its publication, under suitable editorship, as such a digest of the immense field of ornithological science is very much needed.

The operations in regard to securing the eggs of California salmon prosecuted under the direction of the United States Fish Commissioner have been brought to a close for the present season, the period when they could be obtained having passed. We have already informed our readers in regard to the difference of the seasons for securing eggs of the California salmon and the species of the Eastern coast. Thus, while at the United States hatching establishment at Bucksport, Maine, the stripping of the parent fish of their eggs and milt does not begin until about the 1st of November, this takes place on the Upper Sacramento in August.

Mr. Livingston Stone, in charge of the establishment in California, has collected more than a million of eggs. These have been distributed to the Fish Commissioners of such States as have suitable rivers for their deposit and development; but the great body was forwarded to the hatching establishment of Dr. Slack, at Bloomsbury, New Jersey, and to that of the Fish Commissioners of New York, under the charge of Seth Green, Rochester, and from these two establishments the principal distributions will be made by the United States Commissioner. A considerable number of eggs are yet due, and will probably be received in the course of a few weeks.

Letters from Professor Marsh to the date of October 3 report continued success in the exploration of the bone beds of the West. Among other specialties his collection of Dinocerata, a remarkable group of fossil mammals, is such as to clear up many doubtful points as to their affinities. Both sexes appear to have had horns, and all the genera to have possessed five toes in front and four behind. The lower jaw is equally remarkable with the upper, and has the dental formula of three incisors, one canine, and six molars on each side. All the species are from the upper eocene.

Many interesting fossil mammals were also obtained by the professor in the miocene beds of Eastern Oregon, and he hopes to have it in his power to publish descriptions of some interesting species before long. He left on the 4th of October for San Francisco, expecting after a short visit to start overland for the East, spending a month or two in Kansas, carrying on further inquiries.

Among the other recent deaths of scientific men we have to mention that of Mr. Jean Chacornac, an eminent French astronomer, in September last, in the fifty-first year of his age.

We learn from *Nature* that a great extension is about being made in the system of international telegraphy by the establishment on the part of the Chinese government of a complete chain of meteorological stations, having directly for their object the transmission of weather information along the whole eastern coast of Asia. Mr. Campbell, the secretary of the Inspectorate-General of Customs in China, is now in Europe with a view of obtaining instruments.

A recent report on the part of the British surveys in Palestine states that the country is divided naturally into four parallel strips—the coast plain, the hill country, the Jordan Valley, and the eastern plateau. The hills are broad-backed, without marked grandeur in their physical features; but here and there rounded summits rise above the general level of the range. Of these Hebron is 2840 feet above the sea, the Mount of Olives 2665, Mount Ebel 3029, and Jebel Jermah 4000. On the east the hills descend rapidly to the Jordan, and are furrowed and cleft by deep, wide torrent beds. The Jordan Valley runs nearly parallel to the coast from the base of Mount Hermon to the Dead Sea, which occupies the deepest portion. The Jordan is the great river of the country, which from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea has a tortuous course for sixty-six miles, wholly below the level of the Mediterranean.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As the result of our commercial relations with England a large amount of gold and silver is constantly brought into our country in uncurrent coin, or in what is called *bullion*. Strictly speaking, the term *bullion* is applied to the precious metals when they are not perfectly refined, or when they are in bars, ingots, or some other uncoined form; but the word is frequently used to denote coined or uncoined gold and silver in the mass, especially that which is foreign or uncurrent. To ascertain the weight, value, and purity of bullion, and to reduce heterogeneous collections to the standard adopted by the United States is the business of an assay-office. There are several of these offices in our country, and the one in Wall Street, New York, receives a large proportion of the foreign gold and silver which is brought into this port. The assaying processes—which vary for different metals—are too lengthy to be detailed in this column; but the gold or silver deposited by any person at the Assay-office is melted, run into a mould, and carefully numbered for designation. Then by various delicate chemical processes its purity and value are ascertained; it is run into blocks or bars, upon which the value and weight are accurately stamped. The depositor may then receive its equivalent in current money, and the bars remain in the vaults of the Assay-office until sent to the Mint or required for financial purposes. The assaying business is so rapidly increasing in New York that the question has arisen whether a mint should not be established in this city. Within about twenty days in October over £1,000,000 were presented to the Wall Street Assay-office.

For more than ten months the lofty volcano, Mauna Loa, has been burning with almost uninterrupted brilliancy. This is especially remarkable from the fact that the eruption is going on at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet above the sea. The column of molten lava thrown out of the summit crater varies from 200 to 500 feet in height, and assumes all the various forms of a great fountain of water. The old crater of Kilauea, which is 4000 feet above the sea, is also unusually active.

The new Foundling Asylum, on Sixty-eighth Street between Third and Lexington avenues, was lately thrown open for public inspection. This institution is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, but is not sectarian in its character, there being no restrictions of creed or nationality. The buildings have been erected with strict regard to health and comfort, and the various apartments are large, well lighted, and thoroughly ventilated. The whole establishment is to be heated by steam, and water will be distributed abundantly through all the stories. Elevators make access to the various stories easy and convenient. A chapel is connected with the main building, in the basement of which is to be a play-room. The asylum was organized in October, 1869, in Washington Square, and we understand there are now about two hundred and thirty-five children in the institution.

Nebraska editors are not lacking in candid frankness. For example, the introductory article of a newly established paper commences with the following sentence: "The object in view in the establishment of this paper is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread-and-butter and good clothes."

The following incident is related of the eminent surgeon Nélaton. He was at one time the pupil of Dupuytren, who had made many enemies, among whom was Lisfranc, the surgeon of La Pitié. One day Dupuytren required an instrument for the operation for cataract, which was not to be found at the Hôtel Dieu, and he sent Nélaton to ask it of his rival. Lisfranc refused it point-blank. The young surgeon, aghast at this incivility, and not daring to own the truth to his master, whose *brusque* temper was proverbial, ran to Charrières, and ordered the instrument at his own cost. But, while giving the necessary directions, Nélaton introduced an improvement in the instrument. The operation was successfully performed the next day. Dupuytren, who thought he held Lisfranc's instrument in his hands, ordered that one exactly similar should be instantly made for the Hôtel Dieu. Then only Nélaton revealed his secret to his delighted master, who warmly embraced him before all the by-standers with the exuberance of gesture and passionate ardor which were conspicuous in all he did.

Long, long ago a charitable man living in a certain town in New Hampshire found a poor sick woman in the street, and took her into his house, and gave her food and shelter and needful care. Recently this woman died, and left her benefactor $10,000. This is a very pleasant story; but not many of the poor women who need succor are likely to thus repay kindnesses. Charity must not expect to be rewarded in dollars and cents.

An old lady, long famed for sour looks and cross words, was observed to have suddenly become very amiable.

"What happy change has come over you?" said a neighbor.

"Why," replied the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and I have finally made up my mind to sit down contented without one."

A New Hampshire community has become quite wrought up by the reports of a case of punishment in the public school. A young girl had been unmercifully whipped, was one statement, and had lost the use of her limbs from the abuse. An investigation was made, and it was reported that there was no indication of severe injury, but that the girl was of a highly nervous temperament, and the punishment caused a "hysterical paroxysm." To thus whip a sensitive, nervous child was certainly most cruel.

Memphis must indeed have presented a sad and dreary appearance while the fever was raging most fiercely there. In speaking of the condition of things at that time the Memphis *Appeal* says:

"On the street pedestrians are few and far between. A lady is rarely met, and then is almost invariably clad in deep mourning.... The hearse, with its nodding plumes, is now the most familiar vehicle on the streets of Memphis. One would think at times that it was never out of sight.... The city schools are all closed. The merry hum of happy children's voices is hushed, and from the play-ground there are now no joyous shouts or ringing laughter, but a solemn silence reigns instead. But it is at night, when darkness falls upon the devoted city, that Memphis indeed puts on her mourning robes. At an early hour the streets are deserted, and by ten o'clock there is scarcely a sound heard save the hurried steps of some agitated messenger seeking a doctor or a clergyman to minister to the sick, or a lawyer to draft the last will and testament of the dying."

"Angel Agnes" was the name given at Shreveport to a lovely young lady of Philadelphia, daughter of a deceased United States naval officer, who was among the first who went to the relief of the sufferers from yellow fever. Her bravery and devotion made her greatly beloved. One night, while walking with a sick child in her arms, she fell down a stairway and fractured her spine, and died in great agony. Only a few days previous her intended husband, who had followed her to Shreveport, died with the fever.

Not long ago, when passing through the streets of a New England village, we met a friend, who said, "I want to show you something." He unwrapped a small package he had in his hand, and there appeared a little speckled brook trout, perhaps nine inches long. It was plump and pretty, but we had seen trout before, and much larger ones; so we looked up inquiringly. "A cat caught this trout," said our friend; "she jumped into Mr. D——'s pond, seized the fish, and brought it triumphantly into the kitchen. I am going to cook it!" We looked with increased admiration at the trout, thought sympathetically of the poor feline who had lost the coveted thing for which she risked her life, and wished we could employ her as fisher-in-chief for our table.

Little Matthew, being taken to church one Sabbath evening, kept awake as long as he could, but finally went to sleep, and had a good nap. When he awoke, finding the minister still preaching, he innocently whispered, "Mother, is this Sunday night, or is it next Sunday night?" That minister, if he had only heard the child, must have felt the latent reproof.

What is fame? A traveler recently visited Natick to call on Mr. Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States. He was told that he would know Mr. Wilson's house by the color—yellow. But there were two houses on the street, a few rods apart, of that color. Of course he drove to the wrong house first. A respectable-looking woman came to the door.

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"No."

"Do you know where he lives?"

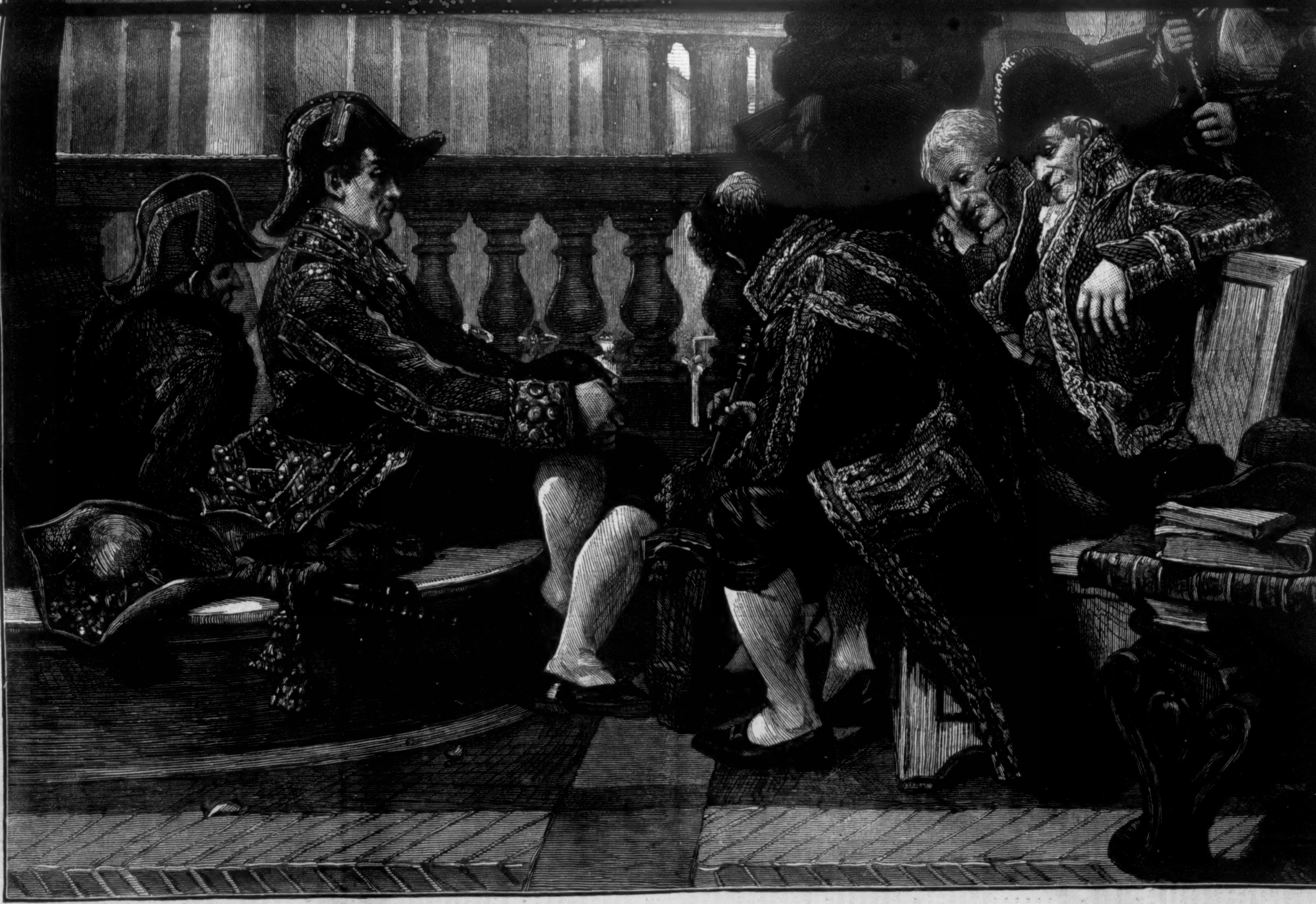
"What Wilson?"

"Henry Wilson, Vice-President."

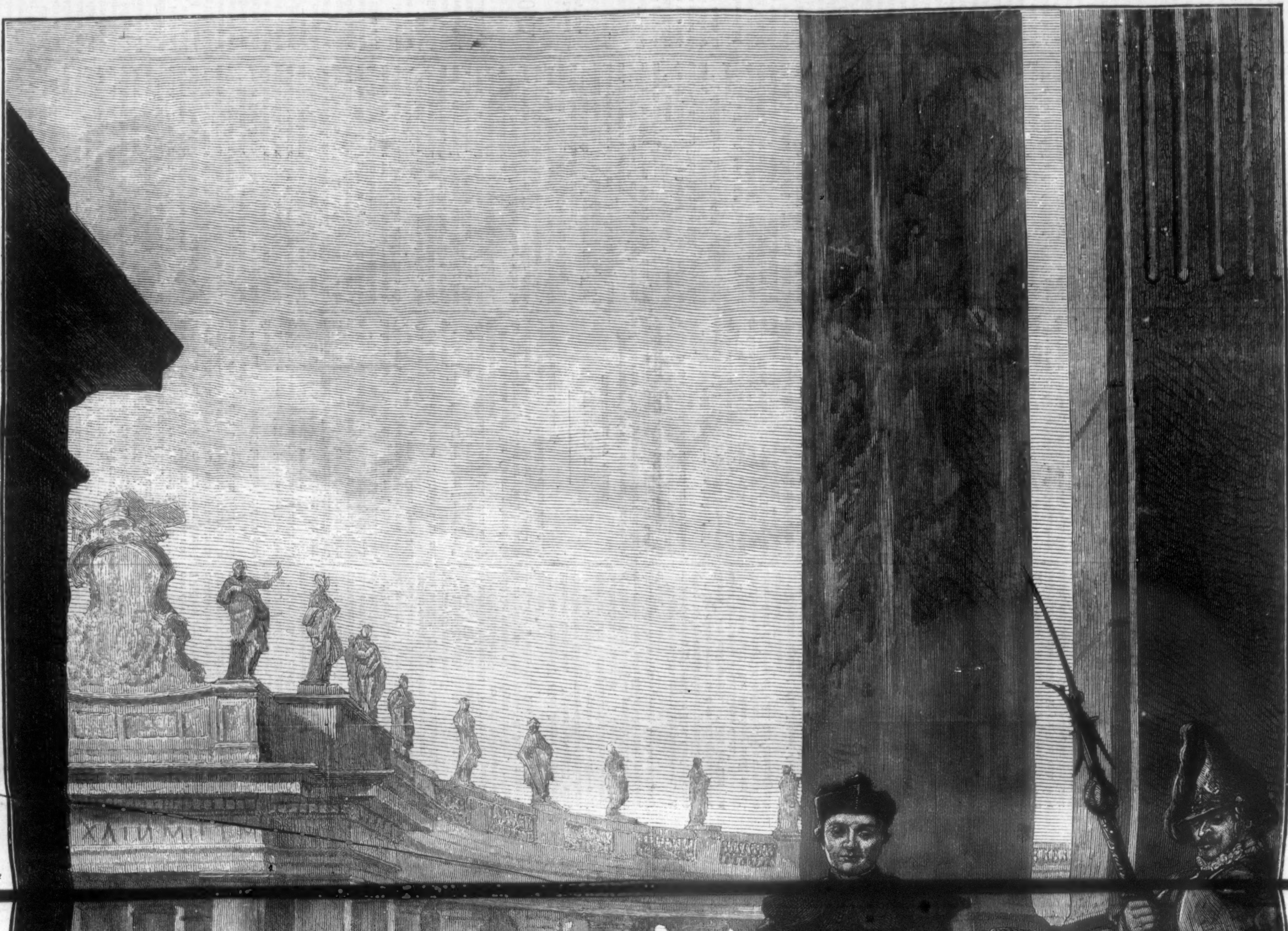
"I don't think he lives about here. I never heard of him before."

A New Hampshire man proposes to make, with the assistance of every cheese manufacturer in the United States, a huge Centennial cheese, big enough to accommodate on its side hundreds of people!

New York abounds in wicked people, and has plenty of sins to answer for; but we think the opinion of many Bostonians that it is infinitely worse than their own city—nay, altogether wicked—is scarcely justifiable. They forget the difference in population, and the tide of emigration that continually flows into New York. Some people are constantly committing crimes in New York, so they are also in Boston. We are reminded of a piece of villainy recently perpetrated at the "Hub." A young man had just returned from a five years' whaling voyage, with his earnings, about $160, in his pocket, and also a watch he had bought in San Francisco. He hoped to return to his parents, and commence life upon land with his little fortune. When he reached New Bedford he heard that both father and mother were dead, and, grief-stricken, he started for his home in Maine to look upon their graves. While passing through Tremont Street, Boston, he was accosted by two young men, who recognized in him a brother sailor, and who told him they were almost starving. With the remark, "I won't see any body hungry," he took them into a Holly-Tree eating-house, paid for a dinner for them, gave each forty cents, shook hands, and took leave of them with their most earnest thanks. Two minutes after they had gone the generous but credulous young sailor felt in his pocket, and found his earnings all gone, with the watch. A meaner deed can scarcely be conceived. We trust Boston detectives will not suffer the criminals to escape punishment.



PAPAL RETAINERS AT THE VATICAN.—From the Picture by F. Heilbuth.—[See Page 1018.]



## PAPAL RETAINERS AT THE VATICAN.

THOUGH PIUS IX. is called by his adherents the "Prisoner of the Vatican"—an idea which his partisans have carried out to the extent of selling to the ignorant peasantry straws from his dungeon—he still maintains an almost regal state within the Vatican—a state, indeed, little less regal than when the *Re Galantuomo* still held court at Florence. There are none of the old devil-may-care Zouaves, it is true; but the Swiss Guards, with their handsome uniforms, still mount sentinel over the private apartments of his Holiness, and the Guardia Nobile also is still recruited from the nobles of Rome, who would have to buy off their service in the Italian army supposing that they were required to do duty for the state. They act as the Pope's body-guard, even the privates ranking as officers in the papal army, of which the Swiss Guards are now the sole rank and file.

Foremost, however, among papal retainers, as also, indeed, in our picture on pages 1016 and 1017, are the lackeys, or *palafrenieri*, who used to carry the Holy Father in the grand ceremonies of St. Peter's. To an artist's eye they look remarkably well in their effective costume of rich crimson velvet, with crimson breeches and stockings, great square lapels falling down from their shoulders back and front, and giving them something the aspect of heralds. The Swiss in our illustration is *en grande tenue*, and bears a halberd. Those acting sentry outside, however, are usually in "campaigning costume"—a uniform not unlike the Prussians, and carry the more useful *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun. Another feature of the illustration is one of the innumerable clerical attendants of the Pope, whom every visitor to the Vatican must have remarked flitting hither and thither with a soft, noiseless step.

These, however, are only a few of the many uniforms and costumes seen within the walls of the Vatican, but never now outside. "Those followers of the Pope who chance to live in the city come to their duty," a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* recently remarked, "in the ordinary habiliments of citizens. They are grubs outside the clerical walls, and butterflies within."

# TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN UNINVITED GUEST.

WHILE the baronet was making himself agreeable in the Vicarage drawing-room, and pretending to mistake Mr. Vancourt's wholesome Medoc for Château Margaux, a curious scene was taking place in the school-house parlor—a scene of more dramatic intensity than any which had ever been enacted there since Mr. Carew came to Hedingham.

Night closed, dark and starless, as the school-master drew his blind, and seated himself at the little table to read his newspaper by the light of a pair of candles, the second of which was only lighted while Mr. Carew read. With his small pittance it was a matter of some importance whether he burned one or two candles; so when he folded his paper and laid it aside it was Sylvia's care to extinguish the second candle.

For a man who lived so much apart from his fellow-men, Mr. Carew was singularly fond of the newspaper. Books interested him little, though he had read a good deal at some period of his life. But the newspaper he devoured—watching the careers of public men—and most of all of commercial men, and noting every step in their progress. Very often had Sylvia seen him lay aside the journal with a heart-piercing sigh—a sigh such as the lost in the under-world may have flung after Virgil and Dante as the light of their radiant countenances faded slowly from them and left all dark. Long as he had lived in this quiet seclusion, it was evident that he had still yearnings—that still in his breast there were smouldering fires not to be extinguished. Sometimes he would burst out into a sudden passion, and favor Sylvia with a homily upon the crooked ways of Destiny, the insecurity of earthly fortune. But not from a spiritual stand-point did he survey the question—not with heavenly hopes did he entreat his child to fortify herself. He took a purely carnal view of the subject, and taught her that this human life was a jumble of contradictions, in which some few pushing indefatigable spirits got the best of it. These chosen ones reigned above the general chaos, and contrived to enjoy themselves. But for the mass life meant hopeless confusion.

Sylvia listened, and agreed with the preacher. She was very ready to find fault with a system which compelled her to wear faded gowns and home-made bonnets. Whether Fate or Society were most to blame she hardly knew; but she felt there was something amiss—that life was a riddle beyond her power to read aright.

To-night, however, Mr. Carew was unusually cheerful in his demeanor. He whistled a scrap of Italian music softly, as he drew down the blinds—a reminiscence of his opera-going days.

"You may sing me a song, Sylvia," he said, "while I smoke another pipe."

The girl seated herself at the piano and obeyed. But as her thoughts were following Edmund Standen she chose the saddest melody in her scanty *répertoire*. He was at Southampton, most likely, by this time, she thought, pacing the lamp-lit streets of the strange town, sad and lonely, and longing for her company. So she sang a pensive little song of Sir Walter Scott's, set to a mournful strain—

> "The heath this night must be my bed,
> The bracken curtain for my head,
> My lullaby the warder's tread,
> Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
> To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
> My couch may be my bloody plaid,
> My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid:
> It will not waken me, Mary."

Mr. Carew did not take much notice of the song. The sweet pensive voice soothed him as he smoked and meditated more hopefully than he had done for some time.

He told himself that his daughter had made a conquest. Sir Aubrey Perriam was evidently impressed—ay, and deeply—by her exceptional beauty. There were looks and tones which it was impossible to mistake. And again, why had the baronet come this evening? That pretended interest in the new school-house was the shallowest of artifices. Sir Aubrey had come there to see Sylvia, and for no other reason.

Such admiration might end in nothing, of course. It was most likely to end in nothing. It was not to be supposed that a man of fortune and position who had lived single to between fifty and sixty years of age, escaping the various snares which must have been laid for him, would fall captive to the charms of a village beauty.

"Men are such base slaves to the world they live in that it would be too much to hope that this man might have courage to please himself," pondered Mr. Carew. "However much he admires my daughter, he will be stoic enough to turn his back upon us and forget all about her."

Sylvia had told her father of that little scene in the orchard, and how she had caught Sir Aubrey Perriam at blindman's-buff, and how he had kissed her hand afterward like a courtier of the old school. Fealty to Edmund in no wise forbade that she should be gratified by such homage to her beauty; yet had Edmund ventured to admire any one but herself, she would have objected strongly.

To-night, even while she was singing, her thoughts wandered from Edmund to the baronet, and she wondered why he had come this evening, and if other people noticed that admiring look in his eyes when he spoke to her. Poor Edmund! If *he* had only been master of Perriam Place, instead of being dependent upon the will of a tyrannical mother!

"Look here, Sylvia," said her father, when he had smoked out his pipe, "your fine Mr. Standen and I had a few plain words together to-day. You must have managed matters more artfully than even the generality of women to keep me in the dark till the last moment."

"What was the use of speaking, papa?" returned the girl, with her indifferent air. "I knew you'd be against us. And we've only been engaged such a short time."

"Engaged, indeed!" cried the school-master, contemptuously; "you don't tell me that you mean to marry a beggar!"

"I mean to marry Mr. Standen," answered the girl, firmly. She looked her father full in the face, and he knew that the look was a defiance.

"I should have thought you'd had enough of beggary."

"*He* will work for me," she said, with that steady look. Her father felt the taunt. What effort had he ever made to lift his child from the dismal swamp of poverty? "Edmund will work for me," repeated the girl. "Why should he not prosper? He is young and hopeful, and will not sit down and fold his hands, contented with beggary, like that miserable sluggard those droning boys talk about."

"I don't know how to argue with a woman," exclaimed Mr. Carew, scornfully. "There are depths of silliness to which a man can not reduce his understanding. Marry Edmund Standen, if you like. Proclaim to every one in Hedingham that you and he are engaged to be married; and if you mar as brilliant a prospect as ever a girl had, you'll have only yourself to blame by-and-by, when you and your husband are starving."

"A brilliant prospect," echoed the girl, with a bitter laugh; "what brilliant prospect can I have *here?*" She glanced disdainfully at her surroundings, and laughed again—not pleasantly.

"What should you say to being mistress of Perriam Place?"

The girl laughed a third time, but this time with less bitterness. "Poor papa," she said, compassionately, "can you be so foolish as to attach any importance to Sir Aubrey's notice?"

"Great events have sprung from small beginnings," answered her father, sententiously. "But if you marry Edmund you shut the door in the face of fortune."

Sylvia gave an impatient sigh.

"I wish you wouldn't put such nonsense into my head, papa. It only makes me uncomfortable. Mistress of Perriam Place, indeed, just because an elderly gentleman has paid me a compliment or two! Was there ever such absurdity?"

Mr. Carew said nothing, but began to read his newspaper. Sylvia fidgeted with her work-basket, but made no attempt to work. That foolish speech of her father's had strangely disturbed her. She gave another sigh, heavier than the first.

"You don't know how good Edmund is, papa," she said, pleadingly. "You don't know how dearly, how truly, he loves me."

"I know that he has not a shilling of reliable income," answered her father, "and I consider that enough for me to know about any man who wants to marry my daughter."

"I wish he were richer. But Mrs. Standen may relent some day," said Sylvia, musingly. "He is so good and brave and true, and thinks no more of sacrificing his prospects for my sake than if it were but throwing away a faded flower."

"A convincing proof that he's an arrant fool," said her father, "and never likely to succeed in life."

"Is that a rule, papa? Yet, if clever people always succeeded, you ought to have done better."

"I don't pretend to cleverness. I have been a fool in my time—ay, fooled to the top of my bent. Hark, child," he said, starting, "what's that?"

It was a timid knock at the outer door, at an hour when visitors were rare at the school-house. The little Dutch clock in the kitchen had struck ten, a late hour for Hedingham, bed-time even for the gentry, unless they had company. The most dissipated of Hedingham dinner-parties were over at eleven, and darkness had descended upon the dinner givers by a quarter past.

To a nervous temperament any unexpected summons is alarming, were it even the most timid tap at a street door, and to-night Mr. Carew's nerves were somewhat overstrung. That notion about the baronet's fancy for his daughter, shadowy as it was, had excited him.

He went to the door and opened it cautiously, as if prepared to behold a burglar with mask and lantern, or perhaps some modern spring-heeled Jack. But the figure he saw was by no means alarming—only a woman's slender form, clad in garments which even in that dim light looked shabby-genteel.

"What do you want?" he asked, not too graciously.

A voice answered him in tones so low that Sylvia, who was straining her ears to catch the reply, heard only a vague murmur.

But if she heard nothing definite, she saw enough to alarm her in the manner of her father. He gave a start, drew back into the room with a smothered exclamation, then bent forward again as if to peer into the face of the untimely visitant.

"Wait a minute," he muttered; and then, looking back at his daughter, said, hurriedly, "Go up stairs to your room, Sylvia, and stay there till I call you. I want a little quiet talk with this person."

Sylvia looked at him as if inclined to ask questions.

"Go, I say. I'll call you when I want you."

Sylvia obeyed without a word. She took one of the candles with her, leaving the room dimly lighted by the other.

Into this dim light Mr. Carew ushered the stranger—but not with that air which bespeaks heartiness of welcome. Reluctantly, rather, as a man might admit the sheriff's officer who came to deprive him of liberty.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE WRECK OF A LIFE.

THE woman entered with a nervous, furtive air, as if she were not quite sure whether that dimly lighted parlor might not be in some wise a trap, which might close upon her to her undoing. She looked around the room curiously, wonderingly, and from the room she looked at the school-master.

"Yes," he said, answering the look; "it's a change, isn't it? Nothing splendid here—nothing to swell a woman's vanity or feed her pride."

"The place looks very poor," replied the woman, falteringly, "but I've long been used to poverty." Then, with a little gush of feeling, she looked straight in his face and said, "Haven't you one kind word for me, Carford, after all these years?"

"Drop that name, if you please," he said, angrily. "Here I'm known as James Carew. You could only have tracked me here by that name."

"Don't say tracked you here, James. I should never have troubled you if there'd been any other creature upon this earth to whom I could appeal in my distress."

"What, have you used them all up—worn them all out—all the fops and flatterers who used to swear by the pretty Mrs. Carford?"

"I want so little, James," pleaded the woman, not replying to this sneer. "I expect so little."

"I'm glad of that!" cried Mr. Carew; "this is no place to foster large expectations. Why, woman, do you require to be told that the utmost I have been able to do in all these years has been to find bread for myself and my child? Do you want words to tell you that, when you see me here?"

He surveyed the room with ineffable contempt, the woman watching him all the while with hollow, haggard eyes and tremulous lips.

"This room is a palace, James," she said, presently, "compared with the holes that I have occupied."

She seated herself with a shrinking air, as if doubtful whether the privilege of sitting in that room might not be denied her—seated herself where the light of the one candle shone full upon her wan face.

It was a face that had once been beautiful—that was seen at a glance. Those large hazel eyes, seeming larger for the hollowness of the cheeks, haggard as they were, had not lost all their lustre. The delicate features neither years nor sorrow had changed; yet on all the face there was the stamp of ruin—a decay beyond hope of restoration. Never again could bloom or freshness brighten that image of departed beauty. Like a ghost appeared this woman to the eyes that had seen her in her prime. The school-master contemplated her for a little while thoughtfully, then turned away with a sigh. Such decay is sadder than death.

Yes, she had been pretty; and her face bore a painful likeness to another face, now in its flower of loveliness. Those eyes were Sylvia's eyes grown old. Those delicate features had the same modeling. But all the glory of coloring which made Sylvia resemble a picture by Titian this face had lost. A pale grayness was its pervading tint. The loose hair that strayed untidily across the deeply lined forehead was of the same faded neutral hue as the shrunken cheek. If ever the ghost of beauty walked this earth, this was that sorrowful phantom—a shade which seemed to say to youth and loveliness, "Behold how fleeting are your graces!"

A history of woman's decadence might have been written from this woman's dress. The flimsy gray silk gown, worn at every seam, stained and smeared with the dirt of years—the wretched rag of a shawl which had once called itself black lace, but was now the color of the grass in Hyde Park after a hot summer—the bonnet, a thing compounded of scraps from a milliner's rag bag—the gloves, last sacrifice to civilization, shrunk with exposure to bad weather till they could scarcely cover even those wasted hands. Genteel penury had reached its ultimate limit.

"How did you find me?" asked Mr. Carew, after a pause, during which the woman had watched his face closely, trying to read hope there.

"Mr. Miles, the cashier, met me in Holborn one day, and seeing me so poor, asked me why I did not apply to you. He had seen you in the church here one day when he had come down for a week's fishing in the neighborhood, and he remembered you. He told me that you seemed comfortably off, and might help me a little. This happened quite three years ago. I did not want to come to you, James. I knew I had no right. I waited till starvation drove me here."

"Starvation!" cried the school-master. "If you had enough money to pay your journey down here, you must have been a long way off starvation."

"A few shillings did that. I came by a cheap excursion train to Monkhampton. I borrowed half a sovereign from my landlady—a good soul, who has been very patient with me."

"Your friend would have done better to keep her money. I have not ten shillings to give you. Good Heavens! is there no corner of the earth remote enough to shelter a man from the eye of the world? To think that fellow Miles should spy me out even here!"

"He spoke quite kindly of you, James."

"Curse his impertinence! What right had he to mention my name? To you of all people!"

"Oh, I know I had no right to come to you," said the woman, with abject humility. "There is no pity, no forgiveness—at least, none on earth—for a wife that has once wronged her husband."

"Once wronged!" cried James Carew, with intensest bitterness. "Once wronged! why, your life was one long series of wrong against me. If it had been but your falsehood as a wife—well, there are men whose philosophy is tough enough to stretch to forgiveness! I don't say I am one of those. But it is just possible that, had your one crime been your flight with that scoundrel, time might have taught me to think less hardly of you."

Worms are said to turn when trodden on. A curious sparkle glittered in Mrs. Carford's wan eyes; her lip curled with irrepressible scorn.

"My crime served as a set-off against yours, James," she said, quietly. "But for that you might have stood in the felon's dock."

"But for that! Mr. Mowbray could not afford to prosecute the husband of the woman he seduced for the error of which her extravagance was the chief cause."

"My extravagance! Oh, James! don't be too hard upon me. Who was it most loved show and splendor, and prided himself on his hospitality, and was never satisfied unless life was all pleasure? Who was it that belonged to half a dozen clubs, where one might have sufficed him? Who attended every race meeting, and won and lost money so fast that his bewildered brain lost count of gains and losses? My extravagance, indeed! What was a dress-maker's bill against settling-day at Tattersall's, or the price of an occasional box at the opera against a run of ill luck at Crockford's? And how was I to know that we were living beyond our income, when I saw you spare nothing to gratify your own fancies? I knew you were only a salaried manager in that great house, but I knew your salary was a large one, and that you occupied a position of influence which your father had held before you. What was I but a school-girl when you married me; and what experience had I to guide me? Do you think I should have been reckless if you had told me the truth; if you had only been frank, and confessed that we were on the brink of ruin? that you had falsified the accounts of the house, and lived in hourly fear of discovery?"

"Confess to you!" cried the husband, scornfully—"confess to a doll that only lived to be dressed and made pretty! Where was I to look for a heart under all your finery? No, I preferred trusting to the chapter of accidents rather than to such a wife as you. I thought I might tide over my difficulties. The deficiency was large, but one great stroke of luck on the turf might have enabled me to make things square. I went on hoping in the face of ruin, till one day I went to my office to find a strange accountant going through my books, and came back to my house a few hours later to discover that my wife had eloped with my employer."

"That guilty act saved you from a convict's cell," said the woman.

"At the price of my dishonor," answered the school-master. "The same night brought me a letter from my betrayer—the honored guest at my board, the innocent victim of my fraud, as I had believed him—informing me that my defalcations had been long suspected, and had now been proved with mathematical exactness by an examination of the books. The letter, curt and without signature, informed me further that the house would spare me the disgrace of a prosecution on condition that I withdrew myself from the commercial world, and refrained from any future attempt to obtain credit or employment in the city of London. Of the wife he had stolen from me the villain who penned that letter said nothing."

There was a pause; James Carew stopped, exhausted by passion which was not the less intense because he held it well in check.

"What was I to do? Submit tamely to my dishonor, or follow the scoundrel who had stolen my wife? If I followed him, if I asserted an injured husband's right of satisfaction, he would bring my defalcations against me. I had signed his name to bills for my own advantage—he could denounce me as a forger. I had kept back moneys that ought to have come to him—he could charge me with theft. Vain to say that I meant to redeem the bills, that I hoped to replace the money. The thing was done."

He paused again, breathless, and wiped the drops from his forehead. The very memory of those days revived the old passion.

"I dreaded the felon's fate. But I was a man and not a worm. So I followed you and your seducer—found you, after a long hunt, at Lucerne. How could such guilty souls face the sublimity of nature? Mowbray behaved a shade better than I could have hoped. We fought, and I wounded him, and left him in the arms of his valet in a little wood not five hundred yards from the hotel where I found you both. I came back to England, wandered about aimlessly for a little while, carrying Sylvia with me, always expecting to be arrested, and finally came down here, penniless. I found the post of village school-master vacant, applied for it, and after a little delay obtained it, with no better recommendation than a bearing which my patrons were pleased to think that of a gentleman. That is the sum of my history. Yours, I doubt not, can boast more variety."

"Only the varieties of sorrow and remorse, James," answered the wife, with a heart-broken sigh. "I was not so guilty, so lost to shame, as you deem me. The burden of my sin weighed heavy upon me. I pined for my child. I felt the sharp sting of dishonor. Grief made me a dull companion; and the day came when I saw weariness in the face that had once known only smiles for me. I felt then that the end was near. My sacrifice had won happiness neither for myself nor the man who still professed to love me. We wandered about the Continent till he grew tired, and talked of going back to England. I was heart-sick of those garish foreign cities, but the thought of returning filled me with horror. I should see people I had known—people who knew my story. I told him my dread, and for the first time he answered me with a sneer. 'There's not much fear of your friends recognizing you,' he said. 'You forget how changed you are.' I looked in my glass a little while afterward, and saw how truly he had spoken. My beauty was gone."

"And soon after this mutual discovery your lover left you, I suppose," said Mr. Carew.

"No, that last shame was spared me. I left him. I felt that the chain dragged heavily, and conscience, which only the thought of his affection could stifle, awoke with all its terrors. I could hardly have found courage to tell my wretched story to a pastor of my own faith, but there was a good old priest who sang mass at a little chapel in the Tyrol, where we had wandered, an old man, whose face promised pity. I went to him and told him all. He bade me consider that if I wished to reconcile myself to offended Heaven, my first act must be to leave the path of sin. I told him that I was penniless, but that I thought if I could get to one of the great cities of Germany I might obtain employment as a governess or traveling companion; in short, some situation where a knowledge of language would be valuable. The good old man lent me a few pounds, enough to take me to Leipsic, and support me there while I looked about me. Just at first fortune seemed to favor my efforts, and I thought Heaven was reconciled with me. I obtained a situation in a school, to teach English, French, and Italian. The pittance was small, but my chief need was a shelter. Out of that pittance I contrived to repay the good priest's loan, and clothe myself decently. All went well with me till in an evil hour, after I had been three years at the school, and had won the principal's good word by my industry, one of my old friends brought a pupil to the school, a woman who had admired my lace and jewels, and shared my opera-box and a dozen other pleasures. She saw me, recognized the wreck of her former acquaintance, and told the principal my story—not too gently. I was dismissed that day, and had to begin the world again, without a character and without a friend. I need not weary you with the rest of my story. Indeed, I have not strength to tell it. Enough that I have lived. I have hung on to the ragged edge of society, been daily governess in poor neighborhoods, danced in the ballet at a theatre in the City Road, gone out as a dress-maker's drudge at fifteenpence a day—but though often face to face with starvation, I have never applied to Horace Mowbray for help."

"I read his marriage in the papers some years ago," said James Carew; "a great marriage—one that must have doubled his fortune. I suppose he is a millionaire now?"

"Mr. Miles told me that he is very rich," answered the woman, with a sigh. "He seemed to wonder at my rags."

"And not to give you credit for your penitence," said her husband, with his cynical laugh. "This world is not a good place for penitents."

"James," said the woman, with a sudden appeal, "will you give me something to eat? I am faint with hunger. I have had nothing but a penny biscuit all this long day."

"Well, I'll give you a meal. You don't ask to see your daughter—a queer kind of mother."

"I don't want her to see me," said the woman, shuddering. "Heaven knows how my heart aches at the thought of her, but I couldn't face her in these rags."

"Couldn't you?" exclaimed the school-master; "then you mustn't stay here. This house is not large enough to keep people apart. It isn't like our snug little box at Kilburn, with its drawing-room and boudoir and smoking-room and study. If you want something to eat, Sylvia must bring it."

"Don't let her know who I am," said the mother, trembling, and turning with a scared look toward the door.

"She shall know nothing, unless she has been listening all the time, which is not impossible."

He opened the door leading into the kitchen, and called Sylvia. The staircase led out of this room, and at the sound of her father's voice Sylvia came fluttering down the stairs. But it was just possible that light footstep might have only a minute before ascended.

There was a pale, unquiet look in the girl's face, but she said not a word.

"There is a half-famished wanderer in there," said her father. "Bring her whatever you can find for supper."

Sylvia opened her little larder, and produced the carcass of a fowl, a scrap or two of bacon, some cold potatoes, and a loaf. She spread a napkin on a tray, and set out these viands with a neatness which was habitual to her, even though her hands trembled a little as they performed the task. Then with that tray in her hands she went into the parlor.

The wanderer looked at her, and she at the wanderer; both faces with something awful in their expression—as flesh and blood may look at a ghost. And indeed each saw a phantom in the face of the other. One the spectre of the past, the other the shade of the future.

"This is what I was," thought the mother.

"This is what I may be," said the daughter.

Sylvia set the tray down before the woman, looking at her all the while with a half-shrinking curiosity. That pale wan countenance, where all color seemed effaced by gray spectral shadows, was so terribly like her own. She beheld her own lineaments, with all their beauty vanished. "What," she wondered, "is beauty so dependent on color and freshness and youth that, though the lines remain, all is lost when youth is gone?"

She remembered Mrs. Standen's handsome middle age—the fine face in its matronly repose, the clear bright eyes, and the ripe bloom of the cheek.

"Care is the destroyer of beauty," she thought, "and not Time. God keep me from such a life as my mother's!"

She had heard all. Her curiosity had been awakened by her father's manner, and she had taken care to make herself acquainted with the cause of his agitation. She had heard every syllable, for the doors fitted but loosely in that old house, and the voices had sounded as clearly as if she had been in the same room. Horrified, heart-sick, she had heard of her mother's shame, her father's dishonor. But though she had a shuddering compassion for the weaker sinner, her chief pity was for herself. By these sins she had been robbed of her birthright. Her parents' wrong-doing had condemned her to a youth of obscurest penury. They had started fair on the road of life, and of their own guilty wills had wandered off into bramble-choked byways, among thorns and briers which wounded her innocent limbs. They had enjoyed their brief day of pleasure, and plucked the flowers in the golden valley of sin; but for her there had been only the rugged stony steep of atonement. She had begun life weighted with the burden of their iniquities.

The mother looked at her with a heart-rending gaze. Those faded eyes devoured her young beauty; love's fond yearning spoke in every look, yet fear kept the tremulous lips silent. Never had the sinner so deeply felt her sin. Years of remorse and sorrow weighed as nothing in this moment. The runaway wife looked at the child she had deserted, and felt her guilt as keenly as if it had been a thing of yesterday.

"How could I leave *her?*" she thought. "What if James was hard and cruel, and that *other* pleaded so tenderly? I had my child. I might have sustained my heart with that comfort. I might have put that sacred shield between my weakness and temptation."

"You told me you were hungry," said Mr. Carew. "You had better eat your supper. It's late already."

His wife had not seemed conscious that food had been set before her. She watched Sylvia with eyes that could see nothing else; or only the past, which made a phantasmal background to that living picture. She stammered an apology, and began to eat, slowly at first, and with an absent air, then ravenously.

The bird, dismembered though he was, having served Mr. Carew for two dinners, was savory. The cold potatoes, the bacon, the home-made loaf, were luxury to one to whom plenty had been long unknown. She ate like one who had known starvation. Vague complainings, protestations of penitence, evoked no pity from Mr. Carew; but absolute hunger touched even his cold heart. In dim, half-forgotten years he had loved this woman—with no self-sacrificing, soul-absorbing devotion, but with just as much love as he was capable of feeling—and it moved him to see her brought so low.

He opened a cupboard and took out his bottle of claret—*vin ordinaire* at fifteenpence a bottle—filled a tumbler, and gave it to her. It was the first direct kindness which he had shown her, and she looked up at him with a crouching gratitude—like a dog which has been beaten for wrong-doing, and then restored to his master's favor.

"That's kind of you, James," she murmured, after drinking a little of the somewhat crude vintage; "I haven't tasted wine since I was in the hospital."

"In the hospital—what for?"

"I got knocked down by a cab, and my arm was broken. They took me to the Royal Free Hospital. I was there six weeks. The happiest time I ever had—after—I left Germany."

"God help you!" cried Mr. Carew, with a groan. "Eat your supper."

Sylvia still lingered, fascinated by that spectral face. She had no yearning to fling her arms around this newly discovered mother. She saw how worn and soiled those rags were, and could hardly have brought herself to touch them, for a love of external purity and a loathing of dirt were innate in Sylvia's mind. No new-fledged affections fluttered her heart, but by degrees a shuddering pity crept into that breast. She went to her father, and whispered in his ear.

"Where is—the person to sleep, papa?"

The question puzzled him. He looked at its unconscious subject doubtfully. Did she mean to plant herself upon him? Was this late arrival a deep-laid scheme intended to saddle him with this woman's maintenance for the rest of his days? If he gave her, out of mere Christian charity, a shelter to-night, would she refuse to depart to-morrow morning? She was his very wife. No legal process had ever severed her from his table or his home. She could claim shelter and aliment from him if she pleased, and it would be hard for him to dispute the claim, impossible to deny it, without exposure that would mean ruin.

He looked at her doubtfully. He had had ample cause of complaint against her in those vanished years; but her sins had been vanity and extravagance, not hypocrisy or artifice. Yet she had ended by deceiving him. She had planned her flight secretly enough, no doubt. He could hardly believe in an unpremeditated elopement, even in one as reckless as that vain, foolish woman. And, again, poverty engenders vices not original to the character; poverty teaches artifice; poverty destroys pride. All lofty sentiments are crushed out of being by that grinding wheel. So, at least, argued James Carew. A woman who had served such a long apprenticeship to destitution must be dangerous.

Sylvia stole to the window, lifted the blind to look out. The sky was dark, and the rain fell fast—noiseless summer rain, soft fertilizer of the beauteous earth. She went back to her father and whispered again. "Let her have my room, papa," she said; "I can sleep on the sofa here. You can't turn her out on such a night, and she looks ill."

"She can stay, then," answered Mr. Carew.

"If she makes any attempt to settle herself here, I shall know how to meet it," he said to himself. "I am not a man to be caught in a trap of her setting."

So it was arranged that the wanderer should rest at the school-house for that one night. Mr. Carew took care to specify the extent of his proffered hospitality. Rest elsewhere in Hedingham, save on the lee side of a hay-stack, there would have been none for her. That virtuous village had long been wrapped in restful slumbers, and had a mortal aversion to vagrants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is said that the poet Moore, while stopping one day at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Therefore at night he gave an impromptu as follows,

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at last at heaven's gate—"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in a transport at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the landlady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That is so," said he, and immediately added,

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary purposes. He was not a little surprised, however, one day, to find a bank-note among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was pointed out to him by one who had seen him deposit it. "Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?" said the teacher. "Yes," answered the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" The boy coolly replied, "I didn't s'pose the little heathens would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

Once when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed principally of sea-faring men and fisher-women, Rowland Hill greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners!"

The druggist is not inappropriately termed the piller of society.

A lawyer once attempted to palm himself off as Rufus Choate in a New England town. At the suggestion of a printer who was present the "writing test" was applied to him. He wrote a legible sentence, and was promptly kicked out of the company.

The poet Longfellow, at a party in Boston, asked a French gentleman who happened to be present why he seemed so sad and unhappy at that moment. To which the latter replied, "Me very mosh dissatisfy. Me jus hear zat my fadere be dead."

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.

Monsieur Thiers, when he was in London, went to see St. Paul's Cathedral. He was stopped at the door for the customary fourpence. This he obstinately refused, inquiring all the while, "Is it not one cathedral?" He was made to understand at last what the demand was for, when he said, "Ha! now I comprehend. Dere are so few great men in England dat you make de people pay to see dem. It is very sheap."

When is a lady like a show-window?—When she takes great pains with her sash.

"Oh, I met such a beautiful girl in the street today!" said a gentleman to a lady friend, to whom he was doing the agreeable, not many evenings since. "She was dressed in deep mourning. I think I have never seen a sweeter face." "Who could it have been?" said his listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing at the crape folds to see if they were properly adjusted. "Pretty, you say? Who could it have been?—*I wasn't out.*"

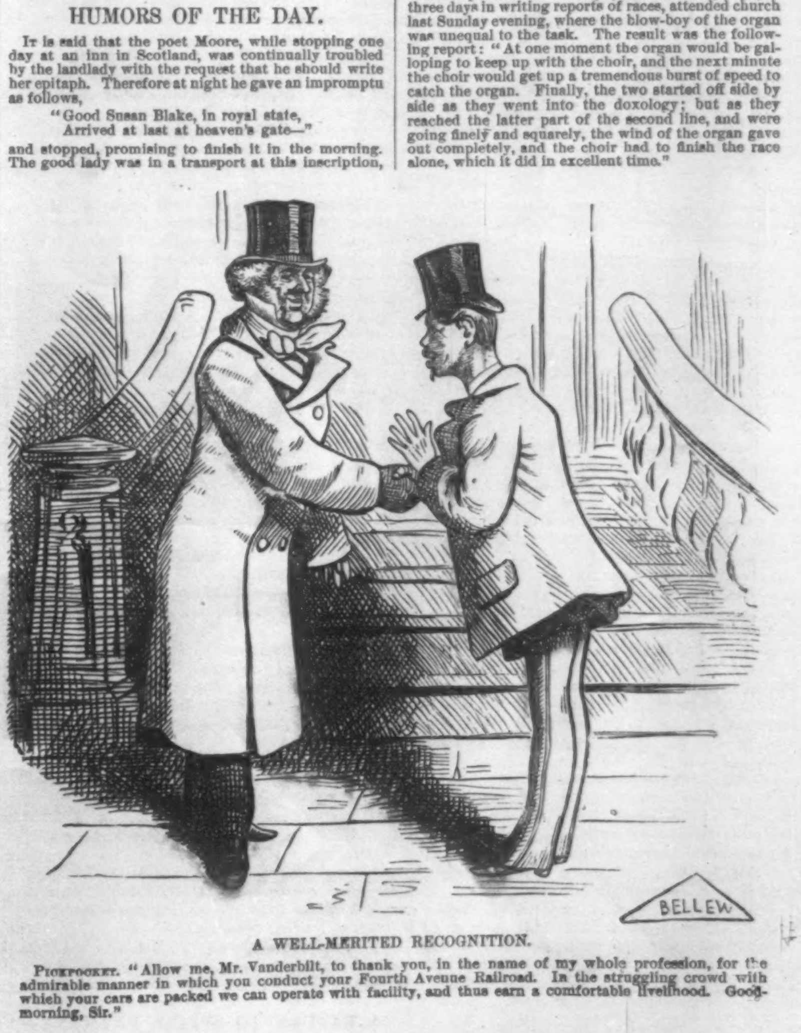
An organist ought to punctuate well, as he is so accustomed to minding his stops.

"Have you a rose?" asked Miss Budd of a highly grammatical gardener, early in the morning. He thought it a compliment because he was up so early, but he was determined to correct the grammar. "Have you *arisen?*" said he. "Ahem! Oh yes, yes; feel pooty well waked up." The gardener stared, and, as she plucked a rose without leave, had his misgivings which had got up the earliest that morning.

Kronghkaigh is the way they spell a popular game in Western Missouri.

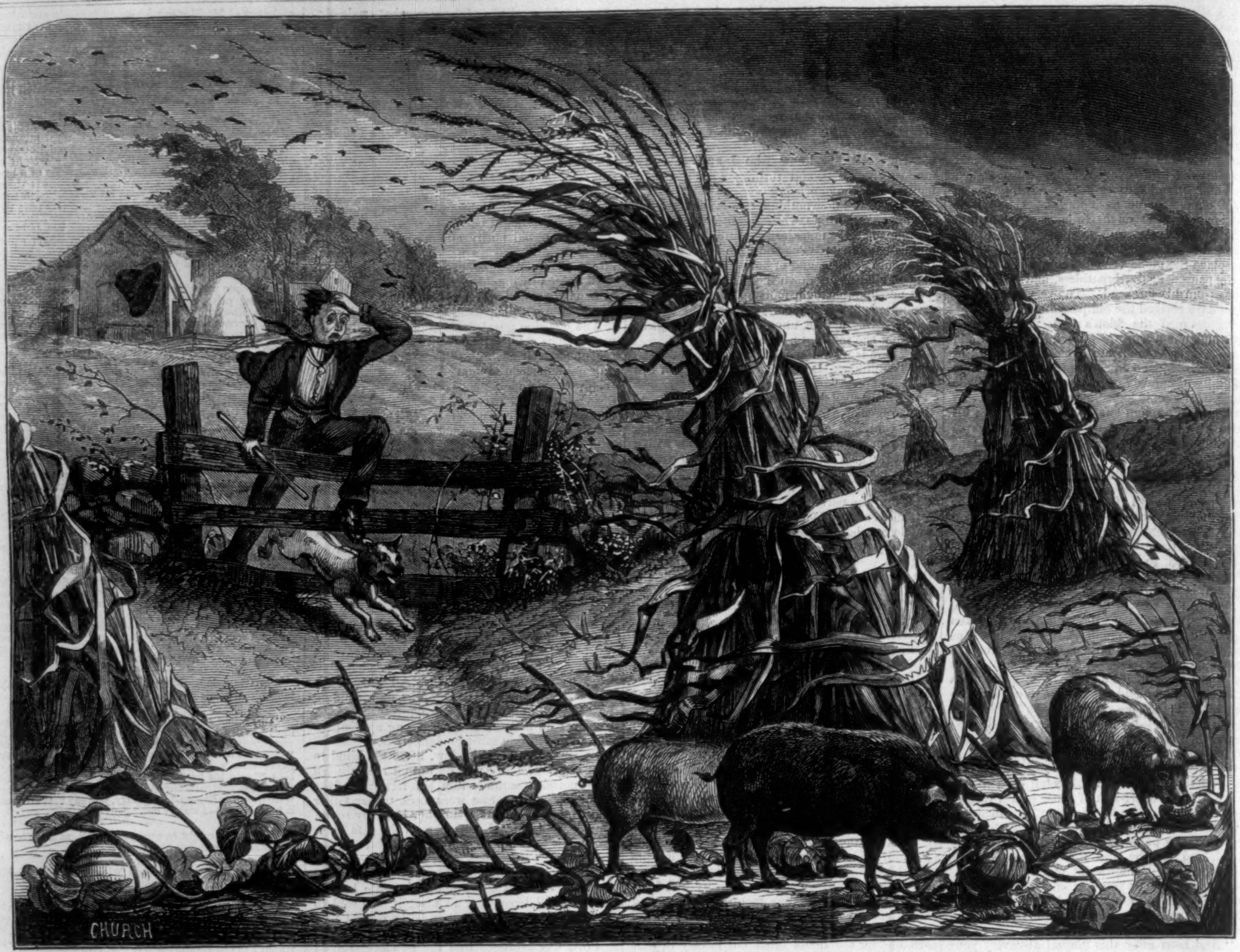
Miss Pope, one evening in the greenroom of the theatre, expatiating in all the warmth of her early enthusiasm on the genius of Garrick, and on his fine features, exclaimed, "What an *eye* he had! It looked as if it could pierce through a deal board." "Then," said Wewitzer, "it must have been a *gimlet* eye."

The reporter of an Irish paper, after being engaged three days in writing reports of races, attended church last Sunday evening, where the blow-boy of the organ was unequal to the task. The result was the following report: "At one moment the organ would be galloping to keep up with the choir, and the next minute the choir would get up a tremendous burst of speed to catch the organ. Finally, the two started off side by side as they went into the doxology; but as they reached the latter part of the second line, and were going finely and squarely, the wind of the organ gave out completely, and the choir had to finish the race alone, which it did in excellent time."

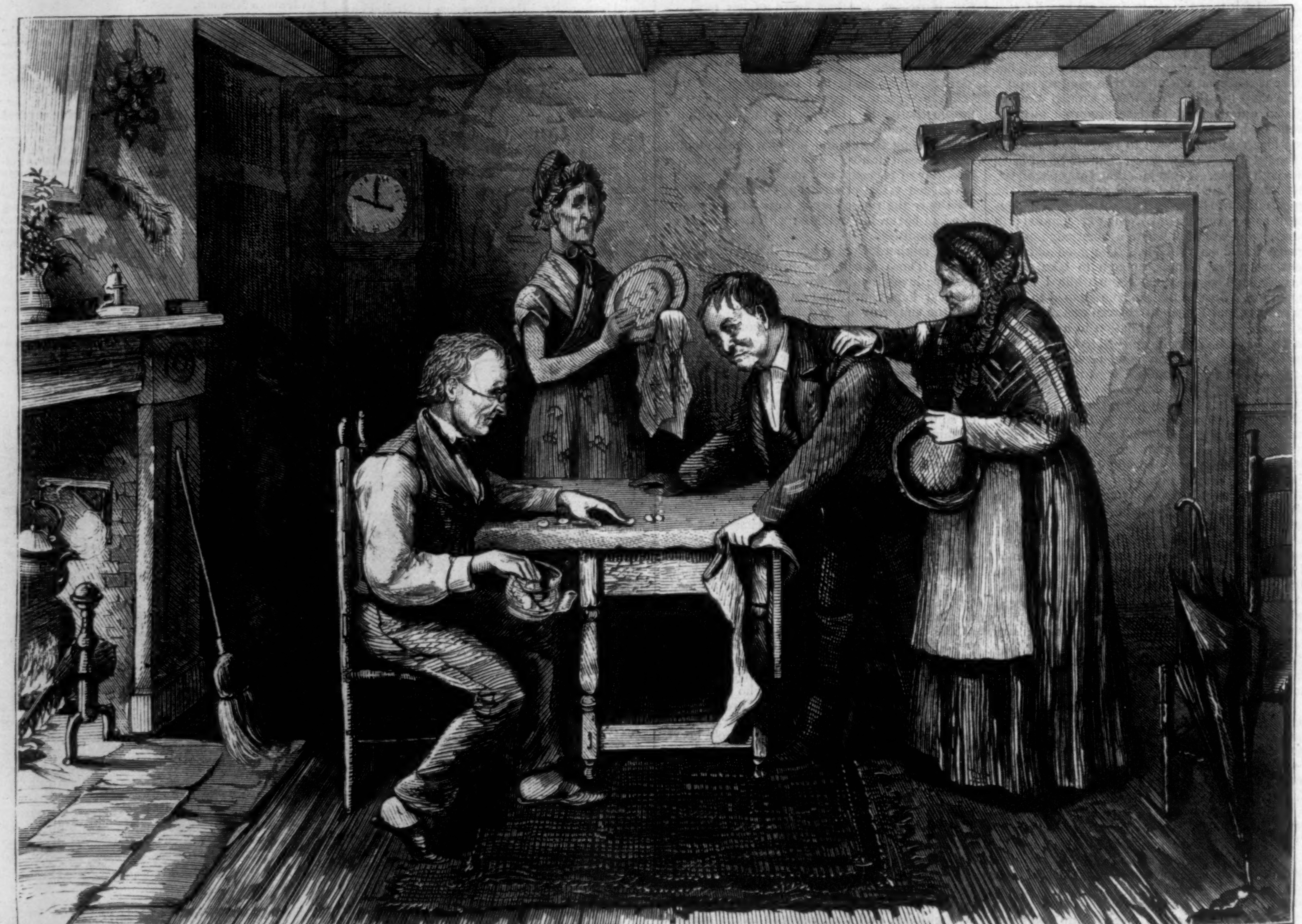


A WELL-MERITED RECOGNITION.

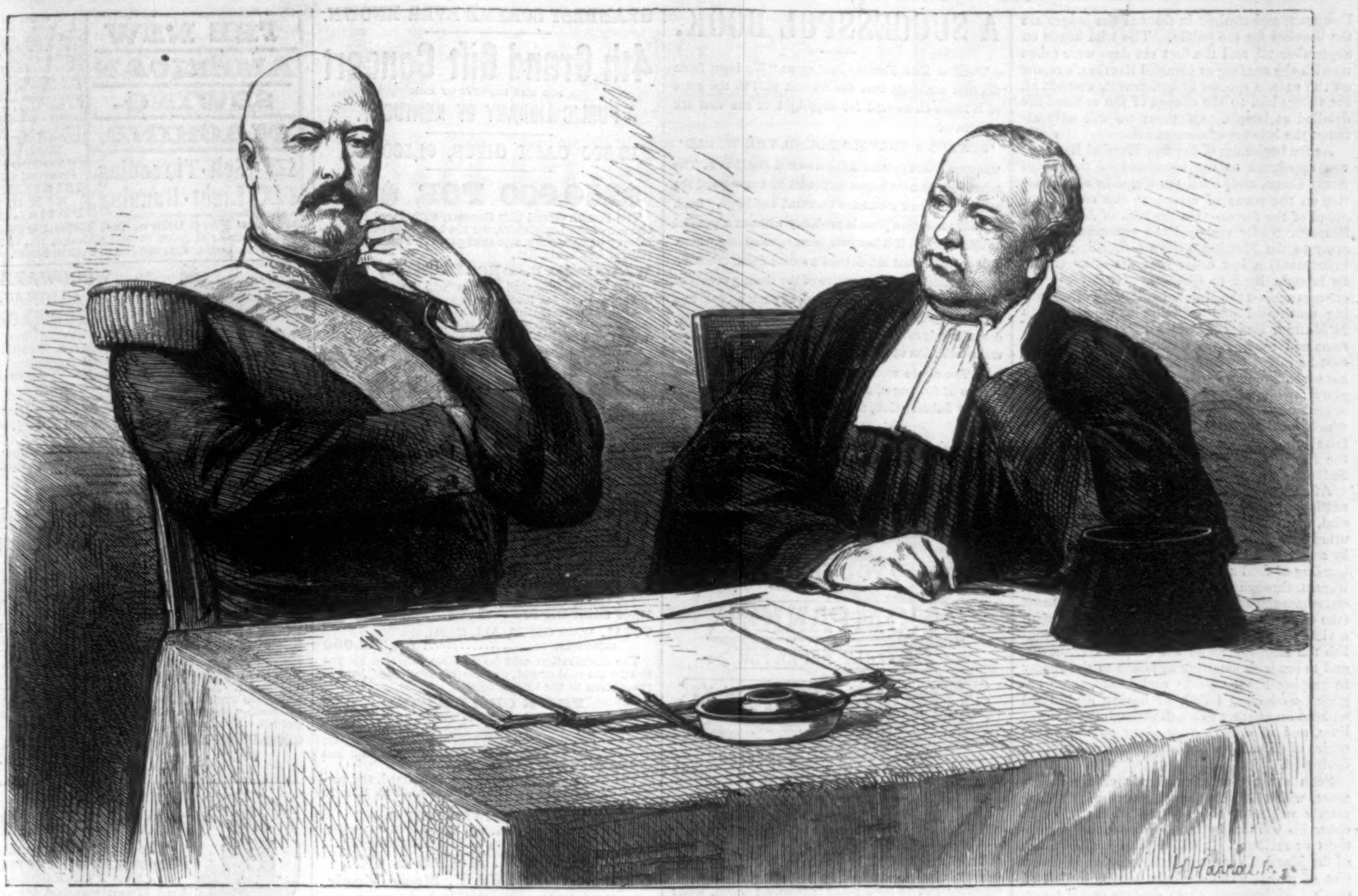
PICKPOCKET. "Allow me, Mr. Vanderbilt, to thank you, in the name of my whole profession, for the admirable manner in which you conduct your Fourth Avenue Railroad. In the struggling crowd with which your cars are packed we can operate with facility, and thus earn a comfortable livelihood. Good-morning, Sir."



THE COMING STORM.



A RETURN TO SPECIE PAYMENT—"THE WAY TO RESUME IS—TO RESUME."

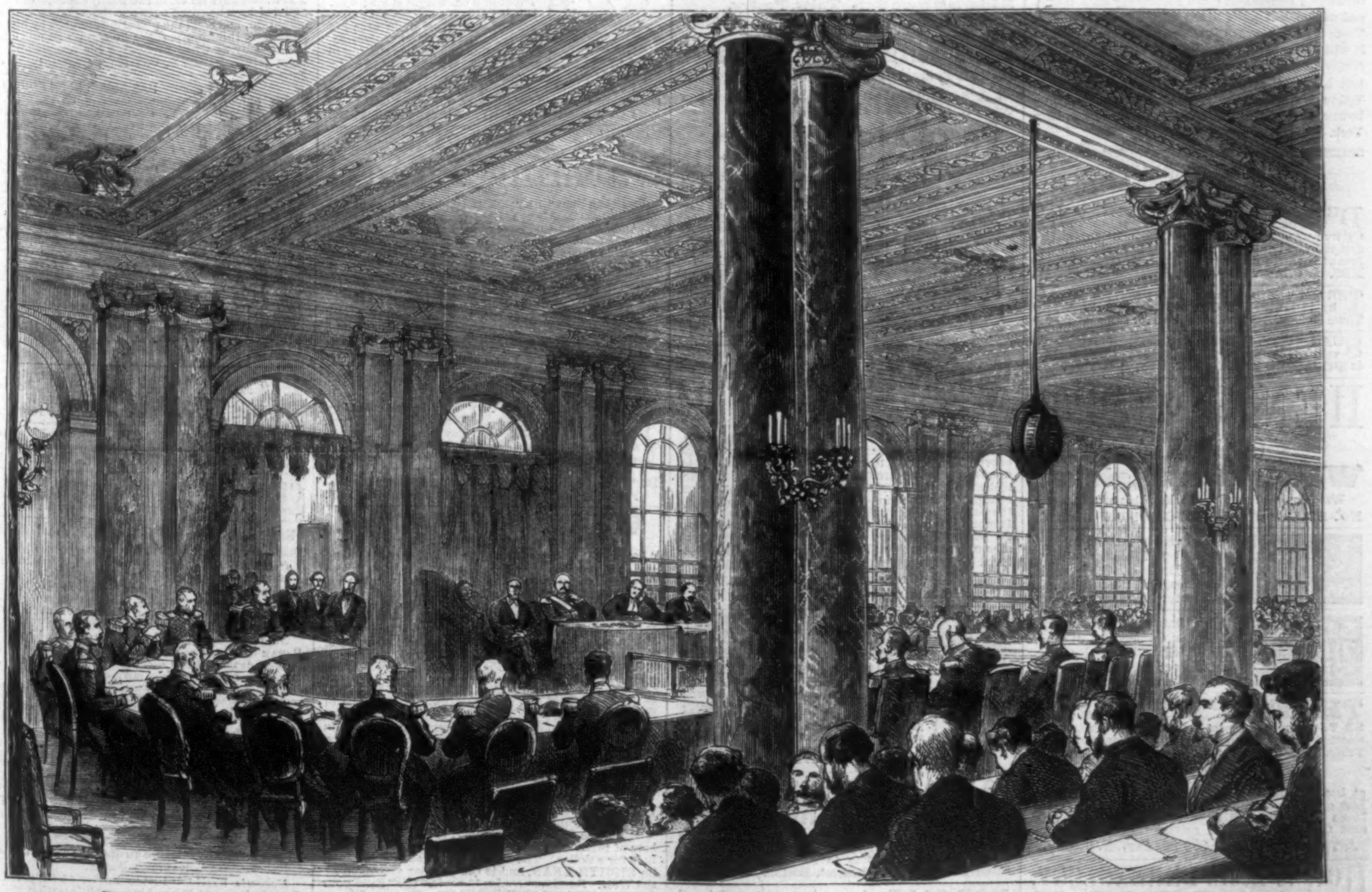


MARSHAL BAZAINE AND HIS COUNSEL, MAÎTRE LACHAUD.

## THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

After more than a year's imprisonment Marshal Bazaine was recently brought to trial for having with an army of 170,000 men capitulated at Metz on October 27, 1870, without doing his best to hold out or break through the German lines. Much fault has been found with M. Thiers for having delayed the trial so long, but the ex-President wished as much time to elapse as possible, so that the bitter feeling against the Marshal then existing throughout France might be somewhat cooled down, and the accused have a better chance of a fair hearing. Special arrangements also had to be made before the Marshal could be tried. In France, as in America, a man must be tried by his peers, and as the few marshals in France had served under Bazaine in this very campaign, they were incapacitated from becoming his judges. A special law was accordingly passed by the Assembly, constituting a court of generals of division for this purpose. The Duc d'Aumale, who in 1843 served as a general of division in Algeria, was chosen president, and with six other generals forms the present court-martial in the Grand Trianon at Versailles. There are also four "supplementary" judges, as Frenchmen, wise in their generation, do not wish to have to go through the whole of the trial a second time should an accident happen to one of the sitting judges before the case be concluded.

The Grand Trianon at Versailles was built by that pleasure-loving monarch Louis XIV., subsequently served as the high court of the innocent revels of Marie Antoinette, afforded a shelter to Louis Philippe and Charles X. in the days of their exile, and now the Cour d'Honneur of the building has been fitted up as a court of justice. At one end of the room is a horseshoe table, where, as our sketch represents, sit the Duc d'Aumale and his six colleagues, with a gloomy picture of Our Saviour on the cross hanging above them. On their left is the prisoner, with Maitre Lachaud, his counsel, by his side. On their right are the tribunes of the press, in front the table of the Judge Advocate General



Duc d'Aumale and other Judges. Marshal Bazaine. M. Lachaud. Reporters' Box.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT.

POURCET, and straight in front of the judges are the benches for the public. The trial began on September 29, and the first six days were taken up with the reading of General RIVIÈRE's report on the case, a species of indictment, wherein all the things laid to the charge of the accused are detailed at length. Of these we will only attempt the briefest of summaries.

At the beginning of the war Marshal BAZAINE was appointed to the command of the Third Army Corps, and, until the Emperor should arrive on the scene of action, to the chief command of the forces. On the 12th of August the Emperor finally resigned the command of the army to the Marshal, giving (according to the indictment) a last order that the army should be brought back to Chalons. Here begin the charges against the Marshal. Instead of retreating northward and effecting a junction with M'MAHON, BAZAINE, the Emperor once gone, remained inactive, in order, say his accusers, that he might be entirely out of the control of his sovereign, and carve out a separate career of glory for himself. To this inaction, in spite of urgent dispatches, the dates of the delivery of which form the great key to the trial, and to false information as to his movements sent to the Emperor, is now attributed the disaster at Sedan.

After a number of smaller charges of criminal negligence, the report further accuses the Marshal, when shut up in Metz, of having remained utterly inactive instead of harassing the enemy by sorties; of having taken no heed to the husbanding of food and ammunition; of having intrigued, through an utterly obscure person, without communicating with the existing government (the Government of National Defense), and with a view to his own aggrandizement, to re-establish the Regency under the Empress EUGÉNIE, and to act with his army as police to the enemy in keeping France quiet· and finally, these negotiations having failed, of having capitulated without an attempt to break through the German lines, and of even having given up the sacred eagles of the army when he might have had them destroyed.

Such are the principal heads of the indictment, which also charges BAZAINE with having utterly neglected to visit the wounded, or to cheer his soldiers by holding occasional inspections or reviews. It will require a vote of five of the Marshal's seven judges to bring in a verdict of guilty, when the only penalty is that of death. If, however, three declare in his favor, his acquittal will follow. Marshal BAZAINE looks worn, and constantly changes position, like a man suffering from excessive tension of nerves, sometimes turning his ring round his finger, at others resting his elbow in the palm of his right hand, with his left supporting his face.

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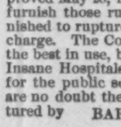

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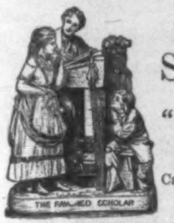

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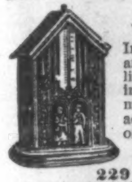

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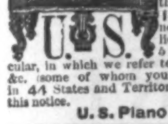

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| HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) | " 39 |
| DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old) | " 39 |
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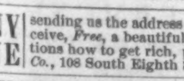

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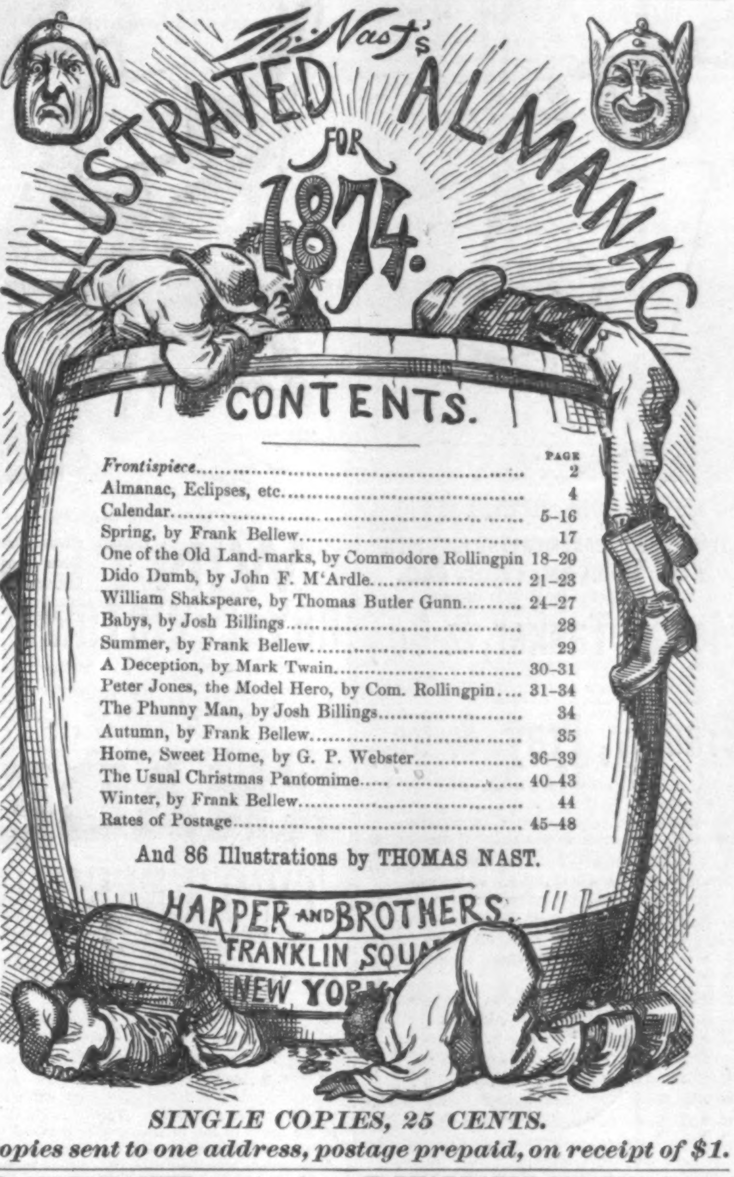

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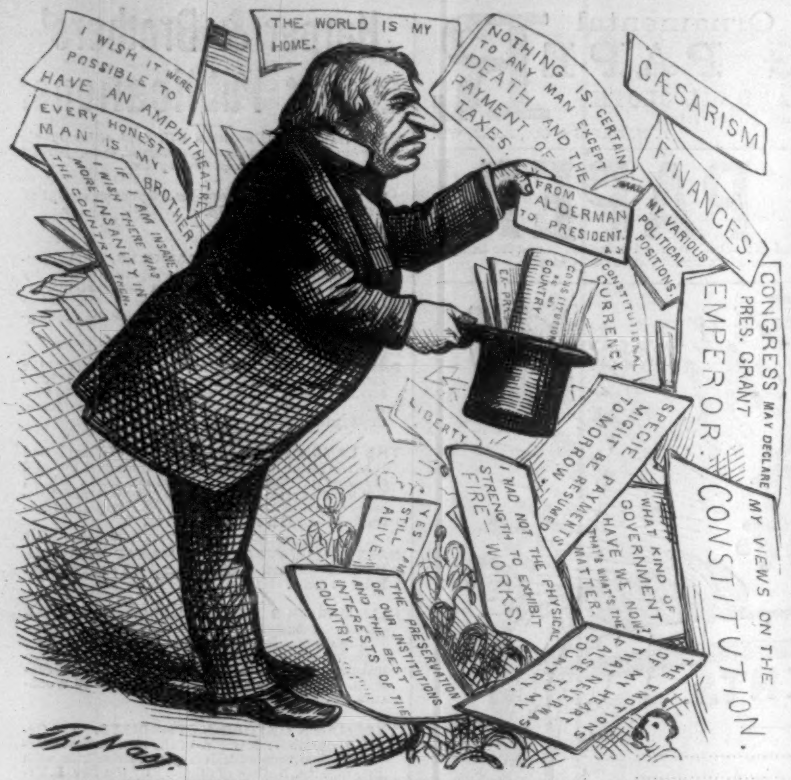
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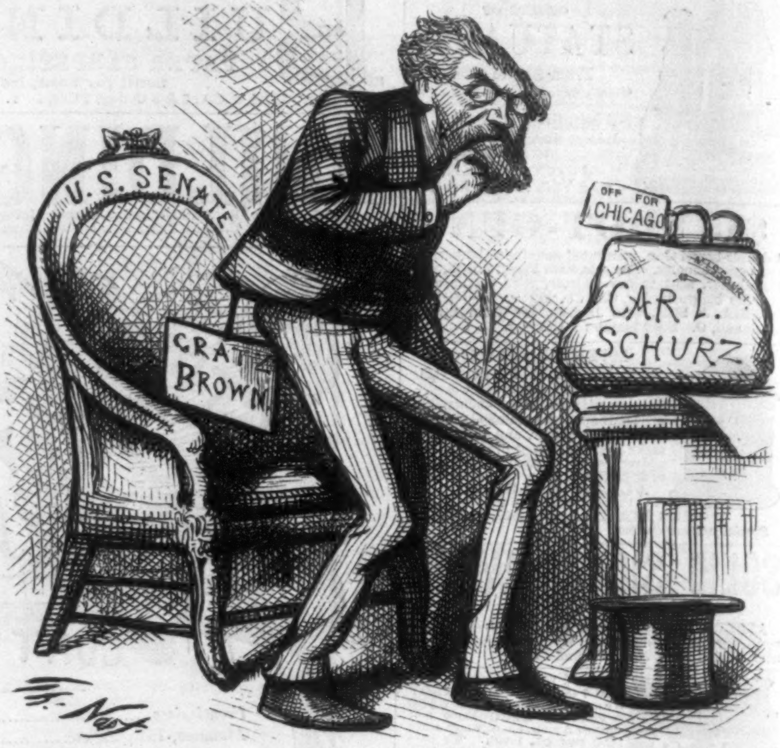
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## I.—THE FOOT-PRINT BY THE RIVER.

Carr House, in the full blaze of June sunshine, was a picture to rejoice over. Ivy and jasmine fought for masterdom on the eastern wall; sweet tea-scented roses and velvety "General Jacques" embowered the southern casements; the porch to the west was hidden by clematis and Virginian creeper; while in its recesses, between the outer and the inner door, cool, graceful ferns were enshrined, whose very freshness seemed to repudiate the idea of a June day ever being uncomfortably warm.

The house was old, and unpretentious enough in appearance, although its tenant was also its owner, and the owner, moreover, of some seven hundred acres of capital land that lay round about it. There were people enough, possessed by the prevailing love of show that curses these latter days, who sneered at a man worth between two and three thousand a year, living in such an old-fashioned place; people who suggested a modern house, built farther back from the high-road, with "an approach," instead of the present short graveled drive; a lodge, instead of the present gate, which stood nearly always hospitably open; and a good many "improvements," that would have ruined Carr House at once and forever.

But to such advice Septimus Langton turned a deaf ear. "As the house stood, so it should stand," was his fiat, which none of his household ever disputed. "What had been good enough for his forefathers was good enough for him, and he hoped not a stone of the old house would be stirred in his time, or his boy's." So Mr. Langton was conservative enough in one particular at least, though his elder neighbors were wont to assert that he had fallen away from the political faith of his forbears on other points.

Tall cedars and elms skirted the lawn, and spread their arms over the high-road the other side of the hedge; and beneath the welcome shade of one of these had gathered a party of eight or ten on the afternoon of that 18th of June.

A happy party, as it behooved them to be, for the centre of them all was to-morrow's bride elect, Kathleen Dormer; and a happier, fairer bride the sun would never shine on. An orphan, and Mrs. Langton's only sister, she had found her home for the last six years at Carr House; and loath enough she had been to leave it, judging by the number of suitors who had asked in vain for her hand. But one obstinate man would not take "No" for his answer (she confessed afterward that she said the word from habit, and without ever meaning him to believe her); so Kathleen was fairly wooed and won, and to-morrow was to end her happy country life, and start her in a new world as the wife of the youngest canon of the cathedral in a city some forty miles distant from Highbridge. So Kathleen is queen of the day, and rests on her low garden seat with real or assumed repose, as arriving guests bring her gifts or congratulations, accepting all her honors with a pretty dignity that amuses her sister vastly, while one individual at least slavishly devotes every glance to her, and feels a perpetual inclination to break out into

> "Love in her eyes sits beaming."

Not undisputed, though, is to be all the admiration, for with a wild cry of delight at escape from nurse's hands, Septimus the younger rushes over the grass and plunges, without a moment's notice, on to his auntie's lap.

"Punch, come off!" cries his father, who is stretched close by, with the *Times* over his head as a sun-shade.

"Oh, Pixie, you rough monster!" cries his mother, without, however, a shadow of reproof in her voice. "You'll crumple Aunt Kathleen frightfully!" ("And that," she added, confidentially, to her nearest neighbor, "is the only muslin she has that's not packed up.")

"Stop where you are, Dapple-Gray," says Aunt Kathleen, coaxing the boy's wavy hair. "Stand up, there's a darling, and sing us a song, and then no nurse in the world shall take you away."

But the boy refuses the song, and declines altogether to show off in any manner suggested; but he need not do any thing but sit still and look about him to extort enough admiration to satisfy even his mother's heart. Such a glorious four-year-old little lad he was, with strong, active limbs, great gray eyes, the complexion of a rose, and the lips of a Cupid. As he stood upon the grass, slipping off Kathleen's knee after a minute's quiet, his bright hair ruffled, his every movement full of innocent, happy life, his faithful friend Tip, a rough-haired terrier, springing and bounding about him, begging a game of play, no prettier sight could well be imagined, no more perfect specimen of the beauty of childhood could be conceived. Father, and mother, and aunt, and uncle that was soon to be, and two bride-maids, and two older friends, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves, but could not resist the contagious fun, all fell into a regular game of romps with the handsome little madcap presently, pelting him with flowers, and bundling him from one to the other, as if they had been playing "hunt the slipper," and this little rosy, curving, kicking creature had been the coveted prize.

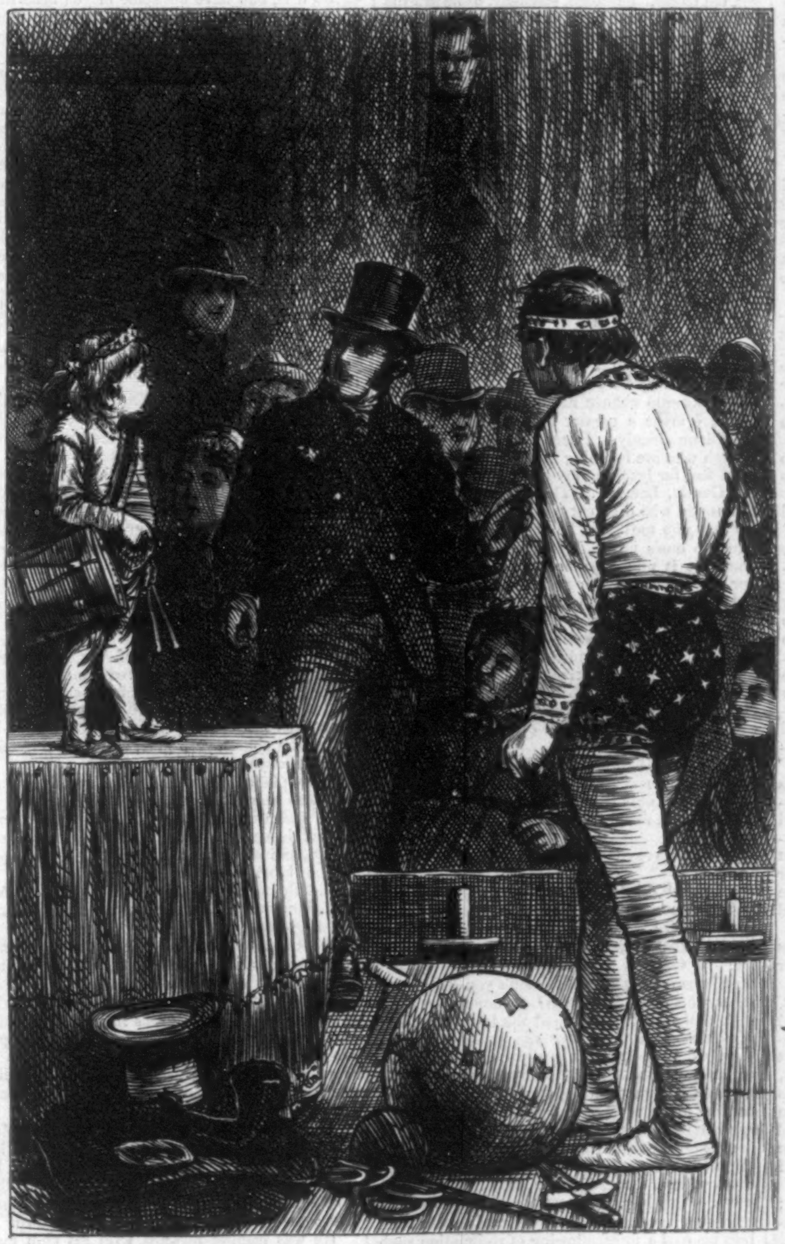
Finding such games no joke on such a day, first one and then another begged off, till father and son were left to end the romp together; so they finished with a race round the rhododendron bed, in which the father was beaten hollow, and came back panting, carrying his conqueror in his arms.

"Why did you call your boy Septimus, Langton?" calls out John Hutchinson, M.A. (Senior Wrangler of his year, late Fellow of Corpus, now Canon of Bradchester). "He's not a seventh son by any means!"

"Nor was I," replies Septimus the elder; "but it was my mother's fancy that I should be called after her father, and of course my father gave in to her; all the men in our family give in to their wives, don't they, Mary?" to his wife. "Don't shake your head, you daren't contradict me. You know you made me give this boy my name, though it's a supremely ridiculous one."

"Well," expostulates Mrs. Langton, "was it not natural to wish him to have that name? Besides, he has two more, 'Septimus Lionel Driffield.' There! Is that not choice enough for any one?"

"Besides a host of pet names that he doesn't deserve the least, because he won't sing to me," chimes in Aunt Kathleen. "Now, Dapple-Gray, if you sing just once more to me you shall sit next me at dinner-time;" for this weak-minded young lady had begged for her pet a place at her last dinner at Carr House.



"MASTER DAPPLE-GRAY HISSELF."

Any other child would have grown utterly unbearable with such an amount of spoiling, but this little fellow was altogether charming and unspoiled as yet; and since neither father nor mother was wanting in firm good sense, there seemed every reason to expect he would grow up, at any rate, no worse for the wealth of love that was bestowed upon him in his early years. At Aunt Kathie's last solicitation he mounts the back of the chair on which she is seated, and with both soft arms clasping her round the neck, breaks out, with his pretty baby voice, into the nursery rhyme that has given him his favorite nickname:

> "I'm the best of master's horses;
> As I tramp along the way,
> And toss my head right proudly,
> There's none like Dapple-Gray."

And so on through two or three such verses. Wretched stuff to read by the fireside to yourself, but attractive enough from such bonny lips, or attractive at least to that party as they listened and praised the little singer.

He wanted another game of romps when the song was over, but no one would listen to such a proposition. If he wanted more play he must have it with Tip, or with his two-year-old sister, Nina, who just then appeared in a young nurse's arms, fresh from her afternoon sleep, charming in white cambric and bright blue ribbons.

"Nina looks like a big forget-me-not," says a bride-maid elect. "Oh, Dapple-Gray, how I wish you would get me some of them, ever so many, from under the library window, please!"

If the young lady's intention was to get rid of the small individual who she might think monopolized rather too much notice, she achieved her end, for off ran the little chap, his curly hair flying from his bright face, his little hand stretched out in eager enjoyment of his errand. And his elders were left to repose till the dressing bell sounded, and two or three couples disappeared to make ready for dinner.

Then John Hutchinson took Kathleen's hand upon his arm, and strayed with her from the house instead of toward it, beguiling minutes, that lengthened easily into half an hour, with such words as a man wholly and heartily in love dares venture on the day before his marriage. She checked him once as he was speaking confidently of their future happiness with an eloquence which reticent men such as he was sometimes break out into, startling the girl into a passing fear that that happy future might not, after all, be quite their own; but he laughed at her expostulations, and made such fun of all her would-be reasonings that she gave up to his humor, and, as they retraced their steps, willingly enough believed their life might be even as fair as he painted it.

They were seated at the dinner-table, and the first spoonful of soup was in the very act of vanishing between the lips of one Mrs. Morrison, a far-removed cousin and godmother to Kathleen Dormer, when some one said,

"Where's Dapple-Gray?"

"Oh, dear me, yes," said Mr. Langton, turning to a servant. "I forgot to tell Warren that Master Septimus was to come down. Ring the nursery bell for him if you please."

So the nursery bell was rung, and Warren appeared in some confusion.

"I thought Master Septimus had been with Miss Dormer, ma'am; he has not been in since he ran out an hour ago into the garden."

"He's off with Sarah and Nina somewhere," said Mr. Langton, a little impatiently.

He was one of the best of men; but it is a trifle too trying to be checked at the beginning of dinner, when the sun is going down and it's turning cool, and it has been too hot to enjoy any thing all day.

"He'll be in directly, the biggest little pickle that ever was seen! Tell James to go and hunt for him, and send him down to dessert, Warren."

Mrs. Langton scarcely looked satisfied, but was compelled to pay, or pretend to pay, attention to a dreadfully mal-à-propos tale an old gentleman on her right began at that moment, about how he once lost, not his son, but his dog, and what rewards he offered, and what he said to the policeman, and the policeman to him, till suddenly his hostess broke in upon his recollections with,

"Here comes James across the lawn, and Nina and Sarah with him, but not—not—"

And she left the word unspoken, sending a frightened look down the table to her husband.

"Sarah says, if you please, ma'am, she hasn't seen Master Langton at all; he hasn't never been with her at all!" said Warren, re-appearing, and reflecting, as servants are always ready to do, her mistress's look of distress and alarm.

"Then he never brought you your flowers, Laura?" asked Mrs. Langton.

No, he had not brought them. That joyful little run of his round the laurel hedge was the last any one had seen of Dapple-Gray.

"Don't be frightened," said John Hutchinson, kindly; "let me go and have a hunt for him. He'll come fast enough when he hears me whistle. I'll have him back in quick time."

Kathleen sent a thankful glance after her lover as he went out on his mission, and by talking, and trying to trap other people into talking, did her best to hide her sister's anxiety and distress. No one could feel at ease, however, within the presence of Mrs. Langton's ill-concealed alarm, and by the time dinner was finished, and no John Hutchinson had returned, a proposal made by a college friend of his that they should all go forth and join the search for the young truant met with general approval, and the room was quickly cleared of all but Mr. Langton and his wife.

"Come, Mary," he said, seeing that she was trembling and could scarcely restrain her tears; "don't be a coward, darling. Our boy is safe enough, I have no fear" (he had, though). "Nina and Kathleen shall come to you while I go out with the rest. If you are so upset, I don't like leaving you."

So sleepy little Nina was brought down to nestle contentedly in her mother's arms, while Kathleen sat by possessed by some nameless fear that kept her tongue-tied, and checked the comforting assurances she longed to offer.

The servants came in and out, clearing away the dinner things; for nearly an hour the fruit and wine stood upon the table, then they were removed too. Across the white cloth the gleaming light of the rising moon stole through the old-fashioned windows; from the trees close by the birds finished their evening songs, and one late nightingale began his sweet notes. Figures had passed hither and thither about the house, but no one had yet come in crying out, "Here he is!"

The evening was warm as the day had been, but a chilliness was stealing over the two watching, waiting women. In the silence they seemed to hear the beating of their own hearts, and when they broke silence their voices sounded strange to each other.

"Kathleen, I can not bear it! Let me put Nina in my own bed, and then we, too, will go."

So, moving softly, the mother carried her child away, and presently returning, the sisters went out into the still fragrant garden, trembling and burdened with an unspoken dread.

The air was heavy with the scent of roses and mignonnette, and still with the all-pervading calm of a midsummer night. The windows of the house flashed back the light of the moon; not a leaf stirred on the birch-trees by the drive. If ever a place could look at peace, so looked the desolate home on that June night.

Soon, as they paced, holding each other's hands, up and down among the long shadows of the trees—soon they heard voices, far off at first across the park-like meadows that lay around Carr House; then closer, till they drew near, but brought no comfort with them.

Laborers had been roused, and joined the search willingly enough; for the little lad's bright face and winning tongue had been known in almost every cottage in Highbridge. But all their searching had been in vain; and as through the clear still air the great "bell Margaret," the pride of Westbridge Church, some three miles off, sounded the hour of eleven, all those who had been seeking returned. Their work had been fruitless; they had found no Dapple-Gray. So strange and long was the night that followed. So dream-like the confusion and giving of orders concerning the day that was to come—the day when, after all, there must be no wedding.

For that Kathleen had decided.

"We must not think of ourselves now, John," she had said to him as he drew her to his arms for one brief minute; and he had answered that they must not give up hope about the boy, and for the rest it should be as she would. "But it is very hard," he added, more to himself than to her.

Long and dreary was the night; chilly and unspeakably sad the early dawn, when the very beauty of the waking life around, the sweet long calls and joyful songs of birds, seemed to mock the misery of the watchers, who desperately struggled to hope against hope, to cheat themselves into believing that all might yet be well.

On foot, on horse, in all directions and on all hands, the search was resumed and carried on: no nook was left unvisited for miles around where the child might have strayed. But no trace of him was found.

"Oh, how I wish I had not asked for those forget-me-nots, and then he would not have left us!" cried poor Laura Anderson; and at her words up started Warren, the nurse, who was crying bitterly by that young lady's side.

"He went to the river!" she panted. "Oh, miss, what made you think of them? He'd fetch them from the river, and he'd fall in and be drownded, my pretty, my pretty!"

And she was down the servants' stairs in a moment, calling James to follow her, and speeding past the orchard, past a young plantation of firs, through a meadow sparkling with dew to the brink of a narrow rapid stream, where James gave a great cry, and then had to hold the excited woman fast in his strong arms or she would have sprung in to grasp what she saw.

Only little Dapple-Gray's straw hat, swaying up and down among lilies and water-cress and forget-me-nots, tangled by its blue ribbon among the long reeds and grasses, and close by on the treacherous damp bank a long mark where the loose earth had been pushed away by the slip of a little foot.

"Oh, my poor mistress!" moaned Warren, as she and James turned their pale faces homeward.

Then they sought all down the stream, and men with anxious looks peered into its depths and beat the rushes by its banks, and tried its many pools down from Highbridge to Westbridge, where the waters widened and joined a broader river, and so flowed on some ten miles farther down to the sea.

But the hat and the footstep, and some few flowers gathered and flung close by, were all they found; and the day that was to have been so happy went down in bitter grief, the whole household wept heavily, and with sorrowing hearts, for the young life so suddenly gone out from among them.

### II.—TRIED IN THE FURNACE.

The grain was ripening far and near, the cuckoo had forsaken his country haunts, the glory of July was past, and the first changing tints of autumn touched the trees, as John Hutchinson drove once more toward Carr House.

"Where's James?" he had said to the strange servant who met him with the dog-cart at Westbridge station; and the man answered, "That James took on so wonderful about losing the poor young master, that he couldn't abide the place no longer; so he'd gone right off after a month's notice, back among his own folk in Norfolk."

Grieved as Mr. Hutchinson had been by the calamity that had befallen the Langtons, it was yet impossible for him to conceive, without witnessing, the full extent of the change that sorrow had wrought in the household, in the very lives, of his friends.

Hutchinson could scarcely suppress a startled exclamation as they drew near the house, and the groom pointed out his master crossing the road at a short distance, head down, shoulders stooping, walking wearily, as a man might walk who neither cared whom he met nor whither he went.

Giving up the reins, he jumped out, and quickly overtook his friend, who received his greeting as if they had parted but the day before, listening to the few minutes' talk before they reached the house, answering any questions put to him in the same dull indifferent manner, his mind filled evidently with one thought, his heart still sore with the chafing of his unforgotten sorrow.

"This will never do," thought the canon to himself. "Langton mustn't go down hill at this rate, if it can be helped."

So, naturally, he consulted Kathleen, and heard from her that terrible as had been the blow of Dapple-Gray's death at first, it was only now, after the lapse of nine weeks, they were beginning to realize its effect upon his father.

"He used to enjoy his farming so," said poor Kathleen, crying, as she did every day at the mention of her lost pet. "Mary and I used to say Septimus wanted no bailiff, he took such pleasure in seeing after every thing himself, and the men said he was such a kind master; but now he takes no notice of any thing of the kind. Watson has to manage every thing; he seems to dread speaking to any one; he won't go to the magistrates' meeting, and he won't even go to church!"

The tone in which Kathleen brought out this horrible climax amused her grave lover infinitely. He had a vivid recollection of the spiritual ministrations of the gentleman who held the living of Highbridge, and could well believe that Septimus Langton, troubled and rebellious under the first heavy sorrow he had known, would turn his back upon the conventional comfort he would be likely to meet from such a quarter.

"And Mary?" he questioned. "How does she bear it now? She looks worn and pale, poor thing!"

"Ah, that she does," cried Kathleen; "but, for all that, she is the brave one of the two! Sometimes I think, if she gave way more, Septimus would try and rouse himself to comfort her; but it's always the other way. She cries, I know she does, for hours, when she pretends she is resting or lying down; but then as soon as she sees Septimus she tries to brighten up and get him to talk to her. Sometimes he will; but do you know, John, he won't notice Nina, and I think Mary frets over that most dreadfully!"

"So I should think," answered Hutchinson; "we must see if we can't change all this, Kathleen."

He had an unbounded admiration for Mrs. Langton, and that evening the feeling deepened into something of reverence as they stood together by the open window, looking out into the quiet hazy fields. The first few stars were glimmering in the west, and he was seeking in his mind for words of sympathy which should yet not touch too roughly the healing wound, when she began of her own accord, divining his thoughts and answering his unspoken words.

"If it had been," she said, "so ordered that I might have gone, on such a night as this, and laid some flowers by him, and just said, 'Good-night, my darling,' I think I could have given him up better, perhaps. It seems so hard to lose him like that, not to be able to think of any one spot of earth with him beneath; I seem to envy those who have the comfort of a grave to look at. But I don't mean," she added, laying a white hand on her companion's arm, "to make you bear more of my sorrow then you have been forced to do. I trust," said the poor brave-hearted woman, lifting her head and choking down her tears, "my boy will see me again some time, and I can wait the better if you and Kathleen are happy together, John."

Then she moved away, out into the damp garden, alone, except that there was forever and always with her a tender presence, fancy, or what you will, of her first-born as she had last seen him.

The next day did not furnish Canon Hutchinson with the opportunity he wanted of speaking with his host, though every hour as it passed showed him more forcibly the necessity of an effort being made to shake off his growing despondency. But the day after that, as Mr. Langton started, according to his present habit, for a solitary aimless walk, his friend took courage, and joined him unasked, and apparently unwished for.

Full of his purpose, John Hutchinson let the first half hour slip by without intruding many remarks upon his friend's silent mood; but when they came to the top of Carr Hill, as the highest bit of ground in the neighborhood was called, and stayed their steps by the ruins of an old priory, and Langton lighted a cigar, still in silence, his companion could hold his peace no longer. Judicious or injudicious, he must have it out.

"Septimus," he said, "don't think me a brute, but I can't go on playing at civility with an old friend like you. Is there nothing I or we can do to help you out of this miserable downhearted state you've dropped into?"

But Langton only puffed away at his cigar, to all appearance unheeding or unhearing.

"Because," went on the other, "I can't stand it, and, Langton, I believe it will downright kill your wife if this sort of thing goes on much longer, old fellow," he added, pityingly, as he saw his last stroke had told. "I don't want to torment you when you've been hit so desperately hard; but if you would let some one talk with you more about this trouble, and not shut yourself away from us all, we might help you through with it—and—and it's scarcely the thing to refuse to let us try!"

No one who had heard the speaker would have imagined he was listening to a man of much learning, who, at certain times and on certain subjects, was full of ready eloquence, for he stammered and hesitated, and jerked out his speech in a manner that told its own tale to Septimus Langton, and touched his heart.

"You're a friend worth having, John," he said, as he flung away his cigar, and took his eyes off the little stream he had been gazing at, "and I know you want to do your best by me, but I hate speaking of what is past to any one. I can't do it. And I am growing to hate this place; if I stay here I shall stand no chance of forgetting—no chance at all. I must go away before I make a greater fool of myself than I have done already. I dare say there are people enough who are laughing at me now, and calling me a fool for breaking my heart about a baby?"

"Gently, Langton. There is not a soul who knows you who does not pity you."

"Ah, *pity* me!" and he almost stamped. "I want no one's pity! If any one could understand me it might be better, but no one can. For my boy I was living and saving and buying and planning. I lived in his future. I meant that farm yonder to have been joined to our land this Michaelmas. I meant those young plantations there to be up and thinned by the time he cared for shooting. I meant—but—there—you can't understand me either. I had one boy, and him God chose to take away, and now I don't care how soon I follow him or what becomes of me!"

Hutchinson half understood from this outburst what misery and confusion troubled the other's mind—but only half. He was startled and shocked, and answered, gravely, almost despondingly,

"Follow your boy! Is it likely you can follow him if—"

"Don't," cried Langton, fiercely interrupting—"don't preach at me! Any of your orthodox speeches will drive me mad. And don't make me talk about this just yet. You've broken the ice," he went on in an altered tone, "and that may have done good. But don't you see I can't *talk* without losing my head? So don't press me."

A choking sound followed the last words, and Hutchinson saw that for the present at least there would be wisdom in silence. They walked on again, looking with scanty interest on the glorious golden grain bending to and fro to low rustling music of its own, darkened and lightened as shadow and sunshine swept over the broad acres around them; but, harden himself as he might, the fresh light breeze, the happy open country, and the companion who had dared to speak out to him, were working a good work in Septimus Langton, and unconsciously there stole into his soul a foreshadowing of resignation such as had found no place in him for many a week. "Perhaps," it just glanced through his mind, "it might have been good for him to have been troubled!"

He took up the offensive, though, when he spoke again.

"You've had an easy time of it, Hutchinson," he said. "You used to be a long way ahead of me when we were lads together at school, though you were younger than myself. Can you remember five-and-twenty years ago, when you were a little chap of ten, and you and I had our first fight about the cricket-bat? Then, when we got up to Cambridge, I was nowhere to what you were. You've prospered in life, and lots of men envy you; and as soon as you chose to turn your mind to marrying, here was Kathleen ready for you. I'm glad you're lucky, I am indeed; but it's out of your way to understand the turmoil I am in just now."

To which the other replied,

"I've had good luck beyond my expectations, but I've worked when other men amused themselves. I've gone on grinding when I veritably longed for a rest, and I've been held down, dragged down, tied fast by countless family embarrassments that have made my life any thing but the most enjoyable. I wanted a *home*, not rooms in a college, ten years ago; but the Fates were against me then; and though I was inclined to curse Fate then, I've changed my mind on the matter now, and would rather bless the chance that kept me free for Kathleen. That *is* good luck most undeniably."

Then he got Langton to talk with him about his marriage, urging that it would be best for all that it should be delayed as little longer as possible—his rectory (the living of Stowborough went with his canonry) was ready and waiting for its mistress; his curate was one who could be left in charge of the parish at any time; September was the best of months for traveling; and much to the same effect, dilated upon more than it would have been, had not Hutchinson been anxious to rouse his friend to some interest outside his own grief.

He succeeded better than he had hoped at starting, and was trying to extract a promise that the Langtons would join him and Kathleen in Devonshire some time in October, when they passed a cottage door by which stood a woman washing and hanging out little clothes on a hedge to dry.

The cottage was one of Langton's, the woman the wife of one of his laborers. She courtesied as they drew near, expecting evidently the squire's usual greeting. He would have passed on with only a nod, but seemed suddenly to remember something as he caught the woman's eye.

"Let me see," he said, "are you not Woodward's wife, and have not some of you been ill? I think I heard something about it. Are your children well again, Mrs. Woodward—it's they who have been ill, isn't it?"

"Ay, Sir. They have been ill, and now are well, please God," said the woman, wringing her hands out of the wash-tub and rubbing the dry part of her arm across her eyes. "Two on 'em, Sir, as fine children as ever you see; one died on the Tuesday and one on the Saturday. It pulled me up of a heap it did, and though they was buried a month come Monday, I haven't never so much as got about the washin' of their things till now;" and, with tears running down her face, she turned to her work again; but as the gentlemen lingered, she went on, "The doctor did say these housen wasn't properly drained like and seen to as they ought to be, and so I said I'd make bold to tell you the first time I see you, and I'm sure I ask your pardon, Sir, for troublin' you; you've enough to wear you down without my worritin' you with my concerns!"

"Better preaching than mine," thought Hutchinson, as he left his friend speaking kindly to the good woman, and slowly sauntered on his way home.

When Langton rejoined him he began about draining the land and rebuilding certain cottages, talking with something of his old spirit till they neared home. Then in the grounds he saw little Nina trotting about with a pinafore full of harebells, and he took the astonished child up in his arms, and so, in sight of his wife and Kathleen, carried her into the house. It seemed, indeed, as though the cloud might be lifting at last.

In the few succeeding days of August the plans for the marriage were arranged once more. None of the gay gatherings, none of the small village festivities, no bright assembling of many friends, but a quiet walk to the church close by, good-by said at the church-yard gate, and a parting only for a few days.

These plans had more of pain about them than Kathleen cared to face.

"I feel a traitor," she told her lover, in tearful confidence. "Who could believe I had loved *him* so, and now here I am planning to be happy without him!"

Still the work went on, and the 30th of August found them but one short week from the wedding-day.

A sultry afternoon had culminated in a heavy tempest, and after that the peaceful early autumn evening stole upon them as they sat all four by the open window in the drawing-room. Drip, drip, drip, fell the rain-drops from the overladen leaves, the trailing jasmine fluttered lightly upon the panes, no single note of birds broke the silence, a faint heavy perfume from without filled the whole room, and a pale light from a young crescent moon stole over all.

Very white and aged and worn looked Mrs. Langton's face; strangely so to the eyes of her husband, who seemed at length rousing out of his brooding misery, and at last appeared to see that others besides himself had suffered, that heaviness had come upon other hearts besides his own.

He was leaning forward, with his chin upon his hands, scanning her face, when a sudden change in it startled him. From white it became whiter—ghastly, rigid, with a fearful look of expectation. Her clasped hands tightened on her breast, her breath came quick, quicker, choking almost. She tried to speak, but vainly; she tried to rise, but fell heavily back in her chair; and then, gasping for air, thrust away her sister, who, in dire alarm, would fain have held her.

Terribly frightened at the prospect of fresh calamity, Hutchinson seized the bell to ring for help, but his hand was arrested by strange sounds, inarticulate cries that came nearer and nearer, out of which confusion presently a sweet young voice cried out joyfully,

"Tip, Tip, Tip!"

A wild cry from the mother, an open doorway suddenly crowded with servants' figures, and in their midst dear Dapple-Gray, his own living self, holding his beloved Tip upside down in his two little arms!

Could they ever forget it who saw the scene, or could ever be forgotten the unspeakable joy of the happy woman kneeling by her recovered darling, never staying in those first glad moments to hear what power had brought back him she mourned as dead, but clinging to him, devouring him with eager eyes that half doubted their own delight, and with trembling lips breathing out, "Thank God! thank God!"

Chaos seemed come again. Warren sat down in her mistress's own chair, and cried a very flood of tears upon the neatest muslin antimacassar she could pick up; cook sank upon the sofa in most unaffected hysterics, while a house-maid poured water over her and the cushions impartially, half blinded herself with sympathetic tears trickling down her own nose. It was Kathleen who, when she had recovered from the wild excitement of the first few minutes, noticed among them a figure strange and yet familiar, a man shuffling about ecstatically by the doorway, looking half crying, half on the broad grin.

"James," she cried out, for it was their former groom, "have you brought him back? Oh, where did you find him?"

A question caught up and repeated by all the others, as they crowded round Jim and brought him forward into the room.

Jim seemed to have a good deal of trouble to swallow an obstinate morsel of emotion that stuck fast in his throat, but having achieved this, he said, solemnly,

"I don't adwise much talking till the young master have had his supper and bin put to bed. He've come a matter of a hunderd mile since noon to-day, and the sooner he go to sleep the better."

At which speech some one began to laugh, but made such a bad hand of it that Hutchinson took upon himself to propose that Jim's suggestion should be at once acted upon; and this being done, in the next half hour some approach to calmness was restored among them.

But it was no ordinary meal, no every-day washing for Septimus the younger, but a feast on his mother's knee, a bathing of round lovely limbs by hands that were jealous of every touch besides their own, and then the bright eyes grew too tired to watch even the caperings of Tip, so they closed off to sleep while his mother said for him the baby prayer he was too weary to repeat.

Then there darted swift self-reproach across Mary Langton's mind.

"I have forgotten my husband," she whispered to Kathleen; "stay here, and I will fetch him."

But she had to seek him before she found him; and then she almost trembled, fearing that the shock, which had brought her life and joy, had been too much for him.

He was leaning over a gate by the plantation, his face covered by his hands, his whole frame shaking, utterly unstrung, unable at first to speak. But presently his wife's hand found its way within his, and her loving head leaned on his shoulder, and his pride broke down, as best it should, while he told her of the bitterness that had mingled with his joy, and forced him from the presence of his child.

"His loss had made me mad! I felt reckless, and cared for no good thing. I would not think that any misery was like mine, and I hated my own prosperity because I had not him to share it. I must have been mad. Oh, Mary, I cared nothing for your grief. I have been only a selfish brute, an ignorant wretch; and now he has been given back to us, I feel afraid to look at him. I was a fool, and thought there was no God, and now—"

A heavy sob followed this outbreak, and then another, till, like the afternoon's tempest, the pent-up grief found vent in hot, heavy drops, such as men rarely shed, and few care either to write or talk about.

An hour later found all the household gathered round Jim, who, though invited to sit, preferred standing while he told his tale. So he stood on one leg, with the other twisted uncomfortably round it, and kept rolling up a red cotton handkerchief into a tight ball, and then unrolling it and flapping it out, over and over again, from beginning to end of his narrative.

"You see," he said, "knowin' as I could get a place nigh my own home easy, and havin' my reasons for bein' partial to them parts, I took right off into Norfolk when I left here. And I did get a place sure enough—not as I ever meant to stay there, cos the hosses was screws, and no mistake; but perhaps you wouldn't care to hear about my troubles with such-like cattle. Howsomesever one day last week a—a sort of young person I've know'd a good bit yonder, she says to me, 'Jim, you don't get your spirits noways; suppose you was to take me to cheese fair,' says she, 'at Packford,' says she, 'and that 'll be next Tuesday.' So I told her I wasn't goin' to set myself against it, seein' I'd a married sister at Packford, very comfortable situate with a glazier for a husband, and she'd give us a dinner I'd no manner of doubt. So sure enough we went, and a werry poor set-out it was; no cheese worth namin', trumpery walnuts, nigh all of 'em French, a shabby lot of shows and things o' that kind, and not a pair of ponies on the green worth a fi'-pund note. I'd always felt dull like since the little master went, and I couldn't feel jolly nohow, though I tried hard to in the afternoon. When it was comin' dusk, my young—h'm—the young person says to me, 'Let's go to a show,' she says; 'I never see a giant but once, and I've always hankered after seein' another;' but we didn't get into that one, cos the giant was crowded, so we went up into a conjuring sort of place. They was at it when we went in; but Lord bless you I hadn't no eyes for their tricks, for what should I see stuck up atop of a table, with a shiny thing on his head and a little drum by his side, but him, Master Dapple-Gray hisself, a pepperin' away with his two drumsticks as if he'd been born to the trade. I give a sort of holler out and climbed over to the front in no time, and Master Dapple—I beg pardon, little master—he sung out, 'Dim! Dim!' just like he used to; and though I got hold of him as tight as tight, I do believe you might ha' knocked me over with a straw. My young woman she stood by me well—of course she knowed all about him; the conjurin' man began to bully and swear at me, but I just told Patty to look after a perliceman outside, and the gay-colored chap in spangles turned pale in a moment; and to cut the tale short, Sir, he sent all the folks out of the place, and then he told us how he come by our young gentleman. The lot of 'em had been our way last June, but one of 'em got hurt in his foot, and had to stop at Kingsford, and go on alone a couple of days after the rest. This one was a deep sort of lad, it seems, and had given them trouble with thievin' more than once. Accordin' to what he told them, he fell in with the young master by the river, where he was restin' on the opposite bank when the little un went after the flowers; so he waded over the stream, and he coaxed the little chap to give a jump and he'd catch him, and carry him farther up the stream to where the flowers grew bigger; and Master Septimus, bein' nowise fearful, he give a jump and t'other cotched him, and no mistake, and slipped off with him up the planting into Scatherbury's wood, and there he kept him till 'twas nearly night. How he got on with the child his folks didn't tell me, but he fell in that night with some of the same sort, travelin' up to a midsummer mart in Suffolk, and they hid the little one among 'em till he caught up his own lot. I couldn't make heads nor tails of why they kep' him—the conjurin' man said one thing, and his wife said another, and the boy hisself said another—but I suspect, perhaps, they may have said the truth for want of a better tale; they said they meant to find out who he belonged to, an' give him back next time they came round this way, which would ha' bin next June! Oh, Lor," ejaculated Jim, with a gasp, "just fancy waitin' till next June! The woman said she'd kep' him clean, and got so proud of him as if he'd bin her own; and though she was a tyrant of a woman to look at, and played a hurdy-gurdy outside the show, I do believe she spoke the truth, for she right cried when I carried young master off, and he kissed her of his own accord, though he wouldn't never take his arms from round my neck. So there you have about the whole of it, Sir, for I only see him first yesterday afternoon, and now here we are. We slep' at my sister's last night, and she dressed young master in her little boy's best clothes, and give him a good cleanin' up afore we started to-day; and I've never set eyes on my master since he give me leave to be out till ten last night; and I don't particular care," wound up Jim, "if I never see him again, for I suppose young master 'll be ridin' that little Welshman again, and I don't feel as though I could rightly leave him yet awhile!"

Scarcely need we add that Jim did not leave in a hurry—indeed, he is in his place still, though Master Septimus has long since parted from his childhood's days, and is now a sturdy, handsome lad at Rugby. Those terrible ten weeks left their mark on the household at Carr House for many a day. Happy Kathleen Hutchinson speaks of that trial as the heaviest she has ever known. Long may she be able to count it so! Another girl, but no other son, was born to the Langtons, and we are inclined to think

"Their trouble for a season
Was a blessing in disguise;"

for Septimus the elder came out of it a better and a stronger man, with wider interests and kindlier sympathies than he had ever known before, with a will less passionate, a mind more humble.

(Continued from No. 879, page 979.)

# THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

## BOOK ELEVENTH.

### CHAPTER V.

IT was with an interest languid and listless indeed, compared with that which he would have felt a day before, that Graham mused over the remarkable advances toward the discovery of Louise Duval which were made in the letters he had perused. She had married, then, first a foreigner whom she spoke of as noble, and whose name and residence could be easily found through the Countess von Rudesheim. The marriage did not seem to have been a happy one. Left a widow in reduced circumstances, she had married again, evidently without affection. She was living so late as 1861, and she had children living in 1859. Was the child referred to by Richard King one of them?

The tone and style of the letters served to throw some light on the character of the writer: they evinced pride, stubborn self-will, and unamiable hardness of nature; but her rejection of all pecuniary aid from a man like the late Marquis de Rochebriant betokened a certain dignity of sentiment. She was evidently, whatever her strange ideas about her first marriage with Richard King, no vulgar woman of gallantry; and there must have been some sort of charm about her to have excited a friendly interest in a kinsman so remote, and a man of pleasure so selfish, as her high-born correspondent.

But what now, so far as concerned his own happiness, was the hope, the probable certainty, of a speedy fulfillment of the trust bequeathed to him? Whether the result, in the death of the mother, and more especially of the child, left him rich, or, if the last survived, reduced his fortune to a modest independence, Isaura was equally lost to him, and fortune became valueless. But his first emotions on recovering from the shock of hearing from Isaura's lips that she was irrevocably affianced to another were not those of self-reproach. They were those of intense bitterness against her who, if really so much attached to him as he had been led to hope, could within so brief a time reconcile her heart to marriage with another. This bitterness was no doubt unjust; but I believe it to be natural to men of a nature so proud and of affections so intense as Graham's, under similar defeats of hope. Resentment is the first impulse in a man loving with the whole ardor of his soul, rejected, no matter why or wherefore, by the woman by whom he had cause to believe himself was beloved; and though Graham's standard of honor was certainly the reverse of low, yet man does not view honor in the same light as woman does, when involved in analogous difficulties of position. Graham conscientiously thought that if Isaura so loved him as to render distasteful an engagement to another which could only very recently have been contracted, it would be more honorable frankly so to tell the accepted suitor than to leave him in ignorance that her heart was estranged. But these engagements are very solemn things with girls like Isaura, and hers was no ordinary obligation of woman-honor. Had the accepted one been superior in rank—fortune—all that flatters the ambition of woman in the choice of marriage; had he been resolute and strong and self-dependent amidst the trials and perils of life—then possibly the woman's honor might find excuse in escaping the penalties of its pledge. But the poor, ailing, infirm, morbid boy-poet, who looked to her as his saving angel in body, in mind and soul—to say to him, "Give me back my freedom," would be to abandon him to death and to sin. But Graham could not of course divine why what he as a man thought right was to Isaura as woman impossible: and he returned to his old prejudiced notion that there is no real depth and ardor of affection for human lovers in the poetess whose mind and heart are devoted to the creation of imaginary heroes. Absorbed in reverie, he took his way slowly and with downcast looks toward the British Embassy, at which it was well to ascertain whether the impending war yet necessitated special passports for Germany.

"*Bonjour, cher ami*," said a pleasant voice; "and how long have you been at Paris?"

"Oh, my dear M. Savarin! charmed to see you looking so well! Madame well too, I trust? My kindest regards to her. I have been in Paris but a day or two, and I leave this evening."

"So soon? The war frightens you away, I suppose. Which way are you going now?"

"To the British Embassy."

"Well, I will go with you so far—it is in my own direction. I have to call at the charming Italian's with congratulations—on news I only heard this morning."

"You mean Mademoiselle Cicogna—and the news that demands congratulations—her approaching marriage!"

"*Mon Dieu!* when could you have heard of that?"

"Last night, at the house of M. Duplessis."

"*Parbleu!* I shall scold her well for confiding to her new friend Valérie the secret she kept from her old friends, my wife and myself."

"By-the-way," said Graham, with a tone of admirably feigned indifference, "who is the happy man? That part of the secret I did not hear."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"Gustave Rameau."

"Ah!" Graham almost shrieked, so sharp and shrill was his cry. "Ah! I ought indeed to have guessed that!"

"Madame Savarin, I fancy, helped to make up the marriage. I hope it may turn out well; certainly it will be his salvation. May it be for her happiness!"

"No doubt of that! Two poets—born for each other, I dare say. Adieu, my dear Savarin! Here we are at the Embassy."

### CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening Graham found himself in the *coupé* of the express train to Strasburg. He had sent to engage the whole *coupé* to himself, but that was impossible. One place was bespoken as far as C——, after which Graham might prosecute his journey alone on paying for the three places.

When he took his seat another man was in the further corner, whom he scarcely noticed. The train shot rapidly on for some leagues. Profound silence in the *coupé*, save at moments those heavy impatient sighs that come from the very depth of the heart, and of which he who sighs is unconscious, burst from the Englishman's lips, and drew on him the observant side glance of his fellow-traveler.

At length the fellow-traveler said, in very good English, though with French accent, "Would you object, Sir, to my lighting my little carriage lantern? I am in the habit of reading in the night train, and the wretched lamp they give us does not permit that. But if you wish to sleep, and my lantern would prevent you doing so, consider my request unasked."

"You are most courteous, Sir. Pray light your lantern. That will not interfere with my sleep."

As Graham thus answered, far away from the place and the moment as his thoughts were, it yet faintly struck him that he had heard that voice before.

The man produced a small lantern, which he attached to the window-sill, and drew forth from a small leathern bag sundry newspapers and pamphlets. Graham flung himself back, and in a minute or so again came his sigh. "Allow me to offer you those evening journals; you may not have had time to read them before starting," said the fellow-traveler, leaning forward, and extending the newspapers with one hand, while with the other he lifted his lantern. Graham turned, and the faces of the two men were close to each other—Graham with his traveling-cap drawn over his brows, the other with head uncovered.

"Monsieur Lebeau!"

"*Bon soir*, Mr. Lamb!"

Again silence for a moment or so. Monsieur Lebeau then broke it:

"I think, Mr. Lamb, that in better society than that of the Faubourg Montmartre you are known under another name."

Graham had no heart then for the stage-play of a part, and answered, with quiet haughtiness, "Possibly. And what name?"

"Graham Vane. And, Sir," continued Lebeau, with a haughtiness equally quiet, but somewhat more menacing, "since we two gentlemen find ourselves thus close, do I ask too much if I inquire why you condescended to seek my acquaintance in disguise?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Mauléon, when you talk of disguise, is it too much to inquire why my acquaintance was accepted by Monsieur Lebeau?"

"Ha! Then you confess that it was Victor de Mauléon whom you sought when you first visited the *Café Jean Jacques?*"

"Frankly I confess it."

Monsieur Lebeau drew himself back, and seemed to reflect.

"I see! Solely for the purpose of learning whether Victor de Mauléon could give you any information about Louise Duval. Is it so?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte, you say truly."

Again M. Lebeau paused as if in reflection; and Graham, in that state of mind when a man who may most despise and detest the practice of dueling, may yet feel a thrill of delight if some homicide would be good enough to put him out of his misery, flung aside his cap, lifted his broad, frank forehead, and stamped his boot impatiently, as if to provoke a quarrel.

M. Lebeau lowered his spectacles, and with those calm, keen, searching eyes of his gazed at the Englishman.

"It strikes me," he said, with a smile, the fascination of which not even those faded whiskers could disguise—"it strikes me that there are two ways in which gentlemen such as you and I are can converse: firstly, with reservation and guard against each other; secondly, with perfect openness. Perhaps of the two I have more need of reservation and wary guard against any stranger than you have. Allow me to propose the alternative—perfect openness. What say you?" and he extended his hand.

"Perfect openness," answered Graham, softened into sudden liking for this once terrible swordsman, and shaking, as an Englishman shakes, the hand held out to him in peace by the man from whom he had anticipated quarrel.

"Permit me now, before you address any questions to me, to put one to you. How did you learn that Victor de Mauléon was identical with Jean Lebeau?"

"I heard that from an agent of the police."

"Ah!"

"Whom I consulted as to the means of ascertaining whether Louise Duval was alive—if so, where she could be found."

"I thank you very much for your information. I had no notion that the police of Paris had divined the original *alias* of poor Monsieur Lebeau, though something occurred at Lyons which made me suspect it. Strange that the government, knowing through the police that Victor de Mauléon, a writer they had no reason to favor, had been in so humble a position, should never, even in their official journals, have thought it prudent to say so! But, now I think of it, what if they had? They could prove nothing against Jean Lebeau. They could but say, 'Jean Lebeau is suspected to be too warm a lover of liberty, too earnest a friend of the people, and Jean Lebeau is the editor of *Le Sens Commun*.' Why, that assertion would have made Victor de Mauléon the hero of the Reds, the last thing a prudent government could desire. I thank you cordially for your frank reply. Now what question would you put to me?"

"In one word, all you can tell me about Louise Duval."

"You shall have it. I had heard vaguely in my young days that a half-sister of mine by my father's first marriage with Mademoiselle de Beauvilliers had—when in advanced middle life he married a second time—conceived a dislike for her step-mother; and, being of age, with an independent fortune of her own, had quitted the house, taken up her residence with an elderly female relative, and there had contracted a marriage with a man who gave her lessons in drawing. After that marriage, which my father in vain tried to prevent, my sister was renounced by her family. That was all I knew till, after I came into my inheritance by the death of both my parents, I learned from my father's confidential lawyer that the drawing-master, M. Duval, had soon dissipated his wife's fortune, become a widower with one child—a girl—and fallen into great distress. He came to my father, begging for pecuniary aid. My father, though by no means rich, consented to allow him a yearly pension, on condition that he never revealed to his child her connection with our family. The man agreed to the condition, and called at my father's lawyer quarterly for his annuity. But the lawyer informed me that this deduction from my income had ceased, that M. Duval had not for a year called or sent for the sum due to him, and that he must therefore be dead. One day my valet informed me that a young lady wished to see me—in those days young ladies very often called on me. I desired her to be shown in. There entered a young creature, almost of my own age, who, to my amazement, saluted me as uncle. This was the child of my half-sister. Her father had been dead several months, fulfilling very faithfully the condition on which he had held his pension, and the girl never dreaming of the claims that, if wise, poor child, she ought not to have cared for—viz., to that obsolete, useless pauper birthright, a branch on the family tree of a French noble. But in pinch of circumstance, and from female curiosity, hunting among the papers her father had left for some clew to the reasons for the pension he had received, she found letters from her mother, letters from my father, which indisputably proved that she was grandchild to the *feu* Vicomte de Mauléon, and niece to myself. Her story as told to me was very pitiable. Conceiving herself to be nothing higher in birth than daughter to this drawing-master, at his death, poor, penniless orphan that she was, she had accepted the hand of an English student of medicine whom she did not care for. Miserable with this man, on finding by the documents I refer to that she was my niece, she came to me for comfort and counsel. What counsel could I or any man give to her but to make the best of what had happened, and live with her husband? But then she started another question. It seems that she had been talking with some one—I think her landlady—or some other woman with whom she had made acquaintance. Was she legally married to this man? Had he not entrapped her ignorance into a false marriage? This became a grave question, and I sent at once to my lawyer. On hearing the circumstances, he at once declared that the marriage was not legal, according to the laws of France. But, doubtless, her English *soi-disant* husband was not cognizant of the French law, and a legal marriage could with his assent be at once solemnized. Monsieur Vane, I can not find words to convey to you the joy that poor girl showed in her face and in her words when she learned that she was not bound to pass her life with that man as his wife. It was in vain to talk and reason with her. Then arose the other question, scarcely less important. True, the marriage was not legal, but would it not be better on all accounts to take steps to have it formally annulled, thus freeing her from the harassment of any claim the Englishman might advance, and enabling her to establish the facts in a right position, not injurious to her honor in the eyes of any future suitor to her hand? She would not hear of such a proposal. She declared that she could not bring to the family she pined to re-enter the scandal of disgrace. To allow that she had made such a *mésalliance* would be bad enough in itself; but to proclaim to the world that, though nominally the wife, she had, in fact, been only the mistress of this medical student—she would rather throw herself into the Seine. All she desired was to find some refuge, some hiding-place for a time, whence she could write to the man, informing him that he had no lawful hold on her. Doubtless he would not seek then to molest her. He would return to his own country, and be effaced from her life. And then, her story unknown, she might form a more suitable alliance. Fiery young creature though she was—true De Mauléon in being so fiery—she interested me strongly I should say that she was wonderfully handsome; and though imperfectly educated, and brought up in circumstances so lowly, there was nothing common about her—a certain *je ne sais quoi* of stateliness and race. At all events, she did with me what she wished. I agreed to aid her desire of a refuge and hiding-place. Of course I could not lodge her in my own apartment, but I induced a female relation of her mother's, an old lady living at Versailles, to receive her, stating her birth, but of course concealing her illegal marriage.

"From time to time I went to see her. But one day I found this restless, bright-plumaged bird flown. Among the ladies who visited at her relative's house was a certain Madame Marigny, a very pretty young widow. Madame Marigny and Louise formed a sudden and intimate friendship. The widow was moving from Versailles into an apartment at Paris, and invited Louise to share it. She had consented. I was not pleased at this; for the widow was too young, and too much of a coquette, to be a safe companion to Louise. But, though professing much gratitude and great regard for me, I had no power of controlling the poor girl's actions. Her nominal husband, meanwhile, had left France, and nothing more was heard or known of him. I saw that the best thing that could possibly befall Louise was marriage with some one rich enough to gratify her taste for luxury and pomp; and that if such a marriage offered itself she might be induced to free it from all possible embarrassment by procuring the annulment of the former, from which she had hitherto shrunk in such revolt. This opportunity presented itself. A man already rich, and in a career that promised to make him infinitely richer, an associate of mine in those days when I was rapidly squandering the remnant of my inheritance—this man saw her at the opera in company with Madame Marigny, fell violently in love with her, and ascertaining her relationship to me, besought an introduction. I was delighted to give it; and, to say the truth, I was then so reduced to the bottom of my casket, I felt that it was becoming impossible for me to continue the aid I had hitherto given to Louise—and what then would become of her? I thought it fair to tell Louvier—"

"Louvier—the financier?"

"Ah, that was a slip of the tongue, but no matter; there is no reason for concealing his name. I thought it right, I say, to tell Louvier confidentially the history of the unfortunate illegal marriage. It did not damp his ardor. He wooed her to the best of his power, but she evidently took him into great dislike. One day she sent for me in much excitement, showed me some advertisements in the French journals which, though not naming her, evidently pointed at her, and must have been dictated by her *soi-disant* husband. The advertisements might certainly lead to her discovery if she remained in Paris. She entreated my consent to remove elsewhere. Madame Marigny had her own reason for leaving Paris, and would accompany her. I supplied her with the necessary means, and a day or two afterward she and her friend departed, as I understood, for Brussels. I received no letter from her; and my own affairs so seriously preoccupied me that poor Louise might have passed altogether out of my thoughts had it not been for the suitor she had left in despair behind. Louvier besought me to ascertain her address; but I could give him no other clew to it than that she said she was going to Brussels, but should soon remove to some quiet village. It was not for a long time—I can't remember how long—it might be several weeks, perhaps two or three months—that I received a short note from her, stating that she waited for a small remittance, the last she would accept from me, as she was resolved, so soon as her health would permit, to find means to maintain herself—and telling me to direct to her, *Poste restante*, Aix-la-Chapelle. I sent her the sum she asked, perhaps a little more, but with a confession reluctantly wrung from me that I was a ruined man; and I urged her to think very seriously before she refused the competence and position which a union with M. Louvier would insure.

"This last consideration so pressed on me that when Louvier called on me, I think that day or the next, I gave him Louise's note, and told him that if he were still as much in love with her as ever, *les absens ont toujours tort*, and he had better go to Aix-la-Chapelle and find her out; that he had my hearty approval of his wooing and consent to his marriage, though I still urged the wisdom and fairness, if she would take the preliminary step—which, after all, the French law frees as much as possible from pain and scandal—of annulling the irregular marriage into which her child-like youth had been decoyed.

"Louvier left me for Aix-la-Chapelle. The very next day came that cruel affliction which made me a prey to the most intolerable calumny, which robbed me of every friend, which sent me forth from my native country penniless, and resolved to be nameless—until—until—well, until my hour could come again—every dog, if not hanged, has its day. When that affliction befell me I quitted France—heard no more of Louvier nor of Louise; indeed, no letter addressed to me at Paris would have reached—"

The man paused here, evidently with painful emotion. He resumed in the quiet matter-of-fact way in which he had commenced his narrative:

"Louise had altogether faded out of my remembrance until your question revived it. As it happened, the question came at the moment when I meditated resuming my real name and social position. In so doing I should, of course, come in contact with my old acquaintance Louvier, and the name of Louise was necessarily associated with his. I called on him, and made myself known. The slight information I gave you as to my niece was gleaned from him. I may now say more. It appears that when he arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle he found that Louise Duval had left it a day or two previously, and, according to scandal, had been for some time courted by a wealthy and noble lover, whom she had gone to Munich to meet. Louvier believed this tale, quitted Aix-la-Chapelle indignantly, and never heard more of her. The probability is, M. Vane, that she must have been long dead. But if living still, I feel quite sure that she will communicate with me some day or other. Now that I have re-appeared in Paris in my own name—entered into a career that, for good or for evil, must ere long bring my name very noisily before the public—Louise can not fail to hear of my existence and my whereabouts; and, unless I am utterly mistaken as to her character, she will assuredly inform me of her own. Oblige me with your address, and in that case I will let you know. Of course I take for granted the assurance you gave me last year, that you only desire to discover her in order to render her some benefit, not to injure or molest her?"

"Certainly. To that assurance I pledge my honor. Any letter with which you may favor me had better be directed to my London address; here is my card. But, M. le Vicomte, there is one point on which pray pardon me if I question you still. Had you no suspicion that there was one reason why this lady might have quitted Paris so hastily, and have so shrunk from the thought of a marriage so advantageous, in a worldly point of view, as that with M. Louvier—namely, that she anticipated the probability of becoming the mother of a child by the man whom she refused to acknowledge as a husband?"

"That idea did not strike me until you asked me if she had a child. Should your conjecture be correct, it would obviously increase her repugnance to apply for the annulment of her illegal marriage. But if Louise is still living and comes across me, I do not doubt that, the motives for concealment no longer operating, she will confide to me the truth. Since we have been talking together thus frankly, I suppose I may fairly ask whether I do not guess correctly in supposing that this *soi-disant* husband, whose name I forget—Mac—something, perhaps Scotch—I think she said he was *Écossais*—is dead, and has left by will some legacy to Louise and any child she may have borne to him?"

"Not exactly so. The man, as you say, is dead; but he bequeathed no legacy to the lady who did not hold herself married to him. But there are those connected with him who, knowing the history, think that some compensation is due for the wrong so unconsciously done to her, and yet more to any issue of a marriage not meant to be irregular or illegal. Permit me now to explain why I sought you in another guise and name than my own. I could scarcely place in M. Lebeau the confidence which I now unreservedly place in the Vicomte de Mauléon."

"*Cela va sans dire.* You believed, then, that calumny about the jewels. You do not believe it now?"

"Now! my amazement is that any one who had known you could believe it."

"Oh, how often, and with tears of rage, in my exile—my wanderings—have I asked that question of myself! That rage has ceased; and I have but one feeling left for that credulous, fickle Paris, of which one day I was the idol, the next the by-word. Well, a man sometimes plays chess more skillfully for having been long a mere by-stander. He understands better how to move and when to sacrifice the pieces. Politics, M. Vane, is the only exciting game left to me at my years. At yours there is still that of love. How time flies! we are nearing the station at which I descend. I have kinsfolk of my mother's in these districts. They are not Imperialists; they are said to be powerful in the department. But before I apply to them in my own name, I think it prudent that M. Lebeau should quietly ascertain what is their real strength, and what would be the prospects of success if Victor de Mauléon offered himself as Député at the next election. Wish him joy, M. Vane! If he succeed, you will hear of him some day crowned in the Capitol, or hurled from the Tarpeian rock."

Here the train stopped. The false Lebeau gathered up his papers, re-adjusted his spectacles and his bag, descended lightly, and, pressing Graham's hand as he paused at the door, said, "Be sure I will not forget your address if I have any thing to say. *Bon voyage!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

GRAHAM continued his journey to Strasburg. On arriving there he felt very unwell. Strong though his frame was, the anguish and self-struggle through which he had passed since the day he had received in London Mrs. Morley's letter, till that on which he had finally resolved on his course of conduct at Paris, and the shock which had annihilated his hopes in Isaura's rejection, had combined to exhaust his endurance, and fever had already commenced when he took his place in the *coupé*. If there be a thing which a man should not do when his system is undermined, and his pulse between ninety and one hundred, it is to travel all night by a railway express. Nevertheless, as the Englishman's will was yet stronger than his frame, he would not give himself more than an hour's rest, and again started for Berlin. Long before he got to Berlin the will failed him as well as the frame. He was lifted out of the carriage, taken to a hotel in a small German town, and six hours afterward he was delirious. It was fortunate for him that under such circumstances plenty of money and Scott's circular notes for some hundreds were found in his pocket-book, so that he did not fail to receive attentive nursing and skillful medical treatment. There, for the present, I must leave him—leave him for how long? But any village apothecary could say that fever such as his must run its course. He was still in bed, and very dimly—and that but at times—conscious, when the German armies were gathering round the pen-fold of Sedan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# JUST IN TIME.

## I.

IT was the custom of the men staying at Ballasmere Towers to proceed to the billiard-room after dinner; the ladies joining them when coffee was served there, and usually remaining to amuse themselves for a little while before all adjourned to the drawing-room. The first pool was just being concluded on a certain evening in October, 186–, when the sound of rustling dresses and merry laughter announced their approach, and, headed by Lady Hathern, they entered the room.

You might have searched long before you found a better-looking set of girls than the new arrivals; and perhaps the prettiest of the number was the little blonde who crossed the room, and joined a young man who was leaning against the chimney-piece, stroking his mustache, and carelessly watching the game.

A somewhat troubled expression which had settled on his brow passed away, and very tenderly he looked down at her smiling face—the face which had been his own but a very few weeks. "Well, little woman," he said, "and what have you been doing? Boring the people with sonatas, or playing the new piece—what is it called?—*Whistling Cock Sparrows?*"

"No, Sir, it is not! It's *Warbling Nightingales!*"

"Well, *Wobbling Nightingales*, if you prefer it; I knew it was something ornithological."

"I want to talk to you, Howard," said she, after replying to his impertinence by a look which was meant to express contempt, but contained too large a preponderance of smile to be successful; "you must, please, come into the drawing-room with me."

Howard Merthleigh obediently followed his young wife, and, having seated himself on a settee by her side, she commenced:

"I have been talking to Mr. Bedford, dear, and he says I ought to speak to you about money matters."

"Mr. Bedford is a bore!" he replied.

"Mr. Bedford is a dear old man, and would never call the pretty pieces his wife played by ridiculous names, Sir. But seriously, Howard, he says that the shares in the Peruvian mine—isn't it?—have been going up, or going down, or—doing something that they should not do; and you ought to look into it."

"Into the mine?"

"Into the matter, Sir!"

"Don't worry your little head about it, dear. My money is perfectly safe so long as it is under old Thornton's care. When my poor governor left it to me, I may almost say he left me old Thornton to manage it also. He was a very great friend of my father's, and has known me all my life. His wife says she used to nurse me when I was a baby; and I dare say it was very nice at the time, and I shall always be much obliged to her—if she doesn't want to do it now. Thornton has a musty little office in a dark little by-street right in the middle of the City, which by itself is calculated to inspire confidence. All great City swells have dirty little offices in inaccessible courts: We won't say any thing about his son Edgar, will we? or about his being violently in love with a certain young person?"

"No, we won't; because the certain young person had determined to throw herself away on another unworthy object. Didn't you once say that you had some money in the Bank of England?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much?"

"Between £3000 and £4000."

"Doesn't that what they call 'bring something in?'"

"Yes, you vague child; it what they call brings in about £100 a year."

"Oh, Howard, isn't that very little? Do you know, I believe the clerks and people at the bank have found out that you don't understand any thing about money matters, and don't give you enough! Do you think that is it?"

"It never occurred to me in that light before, dear. I have hitherto had the greatest confidence in the integrity of the governor and company of the Bank of England," he replied.

"You are laughing at me, Sir! I know you do read such things in the papers, though. But how much money have you got?"

"Four pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence," he replied, searching his pockets and displaying the amount; "unless that half crown is a bad one, as I strongly suspect it is!"

"I don't mean that! Why are you so stupid?" she said, stamping an impatient little foot.

"For the same reason that Dr. Watts's dogs delight to bark and bite, I suppose, dear—'it is my nature to.' But seriously, I don't know what notion you have got into your sapient little head, but I'll tell you all about it. I have £1600 a year from the new shares—the same money, as it was before invested, only brought in £1100—and say £100 from the Bank of England; that's £1700 a year. Bedford distrusts young Thornton's 'cuteness; but though he certainly has a good deal to do with the management of the business, I am sure he does nothing important without consulting his father. The shares are certain to be all right in a day or two, though Bedford is correct in saying that they don't look very rosy at present."

Ethel was soon satisfied, and was expressing herself to that effect, when a servant entered with letters for her husband; and she settled down to hear the news after rewarding him for his explanation in the manner she would not have done had any one been in the room.

"From Frank Harvey," he said, glancing through the first; "he has passed his examination for the Civil Service—says he couldn't have held on two days longer; he was crammed so full of knowledge that he must certainly have blown up if the examination had been postponed. That's a—an arithmetical problem submitted by a friend." The problem consisted of a long column of figures, and many references to "Melton," "Saxony," "Angola," and other mysterious words.

"You don't like arithmetic, do you?" Ethel inquired.

"Not of this sort."

"It requires a great deal of patience, I always thought."

"My friend agrees with you, I have no doubt," Howard replied. "An invitation to Powysford Court: we can't go. Ah, here is a letter from Thornton;" and he tore open the envelope very hastily.

A certain *prévoyance* seemed to tell him that something was wrong. Mr. Bedford, the old friend who had spoken to Ethel that evening, had several times earnestly cautioned him against the investment which he had been induced to make; but Howard placed all confidence in Thornton, and never troubled himself about business; lounging easily in a good-humored way through the world, perfectly contented so long as the young girl he had so recently made his wife was happy.

"What does he say?" asked she.

He said the worst; and when Howard had picked the truth from the host of regrets and words of bitter self-accusation in which it was wrapped up, he saw that the result was simply ruin.

"How serious you look, darling! Is any one ill?" Ethel inquired, in an anxious tone.

"No, Ethel, no one is ill, but I have received some very bad news. I will tell you about it in the morning; I must go and find Reginald. Go to bed, and don't ask questions now, my little girl." He spoke very tenderly, and poor Ethel, who had never before seen such a troubled look on her husband's handsome face, crept up stairs with an anxious heart, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Next morning, Howard and his cousin, Sir Reginald Hathern, the master of Ballasmere Towers, walked to and fro on the gravel-walk in front of the house. Before them stretched the park, thickly covered with grand old trees, the leaves which still clung to their parent stems showing a wondrous wealth of color, made more resplendent by the bright sunshine; but neither of the young men was in a frame of mind to think much of the scene.

"No, old fellow," Howard said, in answer to a proposition which his cousin had made; "what you suggest is simply an excuse for giving me the money; but I must do something for myself."

"What?" curtly asked his cousin.

"That's the question. I should, I think, prefer a public life of some sort—"

"The Lord Chancellorship, for example," said Sir Reginald, who was hurt that the offers of assistance which he had made had not been accepted. He and Howard had been companions at Eton and at Cambridge, and were more like brothers than cousins.

"Not quite," Howard said. "What chance has one of success on the stage?"

"If one were a good-looking girl, with no objection to going a step nearer to the costume of our first parents than her sisters in art have gone, one might obtain a livelihood," replied Reginald.

"But for me, who can only counterbalance those attractions by a tolerably good education and a great liking for the profession?"

"A hundred young fellows with similar qualifications are working hard in the provinces to earn five-and-twenty shillings a week, which is paid them when the treasury is sufficiently full to bear such a drain on its resources."

"What about singing? That Italian tenor we met in town said some very kind things about my voice. There's stock in trade; what more does a man want?"

"Customers, and an opportunity of exhibiting his wares. No, I don't mean to say that voice and musical knowledge are not very desirable things in a singer, but the possession of them does not insure success by any means. How about Ethel's Chancery business?"

"What, the £80,000? I should be extremely glad to take £800 for the chance."

"Well, if you decline my offer, I will go to town and talk to Carton about it. I fancy a lawyer is the most likely person to give advice."

"Thanks. I shall not mind working, and would rather eat the bread of carefulness than of dependence—even when it's yours, dear old Regy. You won't blame me?" and he held out his hand to his cousin, who shook it warmly; and then Howard went into the house to find Ethel.

To take a little house at Richmond for head-quarters; to dream away the summer days, floating lazily down the sunny stream in a little boat,

> "With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
> And an indolent arm round a darling waist;"

a short tour to some unfrequented little town in the sunny South; and then, when winter came, to go from one pleasant country house to another, to meet old friends and experience those enjoyments which are to be met with nowhere else—this was the picture Howard and Ethel had formed of married life; but the result was far different.

How true it is that "every gate is thronged with suitors, opens but to golden keys," grows daily more apparent; and Howard would have had small chance of finding a market for such labor as he could offer, if he had not been fortunate enough to command strong influence. A hope had dawned on his mind that the failure might prove less disastrous than Thornton had at first represented, but an interview with the old man soon dissipated this; and it became very apparent that he must augment his wofully reduced means by hard work; for he was soon convinced how futile were all ideas of success in the paths he had at first proposed. Carton, his cousin's lawyer, had obtained an appointment for him in the City, by which he was enabled to add another £200 a year to his little fortune; and so the seat in the gently gliding boat of which he had dreamed was exchanged for one in a prim room near the Mansion-House, and his arms were far from indolent.

Howard had never dreamed of working, and his daily labors were terribly monotonous and tedious; but regrets for what his carelessness had brought on Ethel absorbed every other feeling. She, poor little girl, found Bayswater lodgings very dull and dreary after the luxurious existence to which she had been accustomed. Books were less interesting than formerly, and music less cheering; and the slatternly servant, so different from the spruce trim maids she was used to have about her, absolutely made her shudder.

"Have something nice for luncheon, dear," was the practical consolation which Howard suggested as he departed the first day to "business;" and Ethel took heart at one o'clock to ring the bell and ask for a cutlet, remembering the *plats* which the *chef* at Ballasmere was in the habit of sending up in answer to similar requests. Surely the gory flap of meat which presently made its appearance was not a cutlet? At any rate, it destroyed Ethel's appetite for the rest of the day.

But although the clocks did creep on at a pace they had never adopted until very lately, the hands reached five at last; and then Howard appeared, the dear old insouciant smile on his face, so unlike a business man; and again, as of yore, music was soothing, for he turned the pages; and she was fain to admit that editors had not formed a conspiracy to keep every thing interesting from their pages, for he read to her. Theatres, too, were still amusing, although, certainly, cabs did rattle abominably, and were very different from the easy carriages in which she had hitherto been whirled about. Yes, the evenings were very happy, and Howard's head, which ached from bending over his dull task, grew suddenly well when Ethel's lips had touched his forehead; or if the pain was not quite charmed away by that pleasant remedy, he did not complain, lest the knowledge should mar the happiness of his tender-hearted little wife. Perhaps, at times, each of them thought with a sigh of the happy picture they had formed which was not to be realized; but this life had its pleasures also, and had it been destined that they should continue in it, they might have been very happy.

Visitors rarely appeared at the house, but there was one who was very constant in his attendance. It was Edgar Thornton; and scarcely a day passed that he did not find his way to Bayswater to call on Ethel. Very profuse was he in his regrets for what had occurred; very bitterly did he condemn his own rashness and willfulness, taking (very properly) all the blame on his own shoulders and absolving his father; for Edgar Thornton had a game to play, and this was, he thought, the way to play it. The confidence which Howard placed in Mr. Thornton was well bestowed; and so, indirectly, he placed it also in Edgar, who abused it, as such a thorough-paced rogue as he was certain to do. So he called daily, taking a humble offering in the shape of a bouquet or some choice fruit, and treated Mrs. Merthleigh with most respectful attention. And Ethel? Howard had hinted at Ballasmere of love between them in the old days before her marriage; but if there ever had been any, it had most certainly been all on his side. She had always instinctively shrunk from him, feeling, by that intuitive knowledge which pure women possess, that he was not a good man. But she had struggled hard to overcome the feeling, not liking, poor little girl, to think ill of any one; and so, fearing she had done him injustice, she tried to be very polite and as cordial as possible to him. The presence, too, of any one who knew Howard was pleasant to her, especially when, as had recently been the case, he had not returned home so regularly, saying that business detained him, and she had better not wait dinner. Dinner without Howard was a very dull ceremony, but she consoled herself with the reflection that it was necessary, and couldn't be helped, and continued her daily occupation of wondering what was the matter with the clock for a few hours longer than usual.

"Has any one been here?" Howard asked, returning home one evening.

"No, dear— Oh, Edgar Thornton," she added, the moment after. His coming had grown such a usual event that it had made no impression on her mind.

"Pretty regular in his visits he seems?" Howard suggested.

"Yes; he always says how sorry he is to miss you," Ethel answered.

"Ah, that's very kind of him," said Howard. "I don't quite think I like our friend Edgar, dear; but I'm obliged to be very polite to him, or he would think that I blamed him for that wretched money business. I saw his father today, and really felt more sorry for him than I did for myself—he seemed so distressed. Poor little girl," and he kissed her very lovingly, "you look very pale and thin; the country will do you lots of good. By Jove, I little thought last 22d of December that this year I should be in the City. Well, it only proves the old proverb, 'Nothing happens but the unexpected.' I wonder what next year has in store? More City, I suppose."

Ethel was seated at the piano, and as he finished speaking, her fingers strangely wandered into Schubert's *Adieu*.

### II.

It was the morning of the 23d of December, and for the last time for a fortnight—as he then thought, not knowing what would so swiftly come to pass—Howard had gone to his office. They were going down to Ballasmere Towers on the morning of Christmas-day, and Ethel was just meditating on the important subject of packing up, when the maid announced a visitor.

"Ask him to walk up," said Ethel; and the girl retired, returning anon with the information that he "didn't like; would the lady mind stepping out and speaking to him?"

Ethel descended the narrow stairs to comply with the request, and found a man in the hall, dressed as a carpenter. He made haste, on seeing her, to remove the paper covering which did duty for a hat, and having rubbed the bashfulness from his face with the apron around his waist, said,

"Your goodman ain't at home, mum?"

Ethel, correctly inferring that he meant Howard, replied that he was not.

"I called about them carpets for the hup-stair rooms, mum."

"The carpets?" Ethel said, wondering.

"Yes, mum; I come from Mr. Mantel, the upholsterer, and I was to say as ''ow he 'ad got some of the crimson pattern, and the curtains would be up to-night.'"

"I don't at all understand you; I think you must have made a mistake!" Ethel exclaimed; wondering whether this was the right time to ask him to have some beer—a suggestion which she had a strong impression she ought always to make when talking to a working-man.

"This is Mr. Merthleigh's, isn't it, mum? Mr. 'Oward Merthleigh?"

"Yes," Ethel admitted.

"And ain't that 'is writin', mum?" inquired the man, anxious to make quite sure, showing Ethel a note which she immediately saw was in her husband's hand, addressed to the upholsterer.

Utterly perplexed, she said that it was.

"Are the curtains and things for this house?" asked she.

"No, mum, for Mr. Merthleigh's other 'ouse at Richmond—the one we're doin' for 'im. Mr. Mantel says he's very glad he was able to get the curtains the pattern as the lady chose, becos he feared he wouldn't be able to."

A chilling fear took hold of Ethel's heart. There could be no mistake. Howard had taken a house away from town; and why, was answered by the fact that a lady had been with him to choose the furniture.

"I will let Mr. Merthleigh know you called—he is not at home now," Ethel said, in a low voice, struggling hard to hide her emotion from the man; and then, running up stairs and locking the door of her room, she flung herself on the bed and wept a flood of passionate tears.

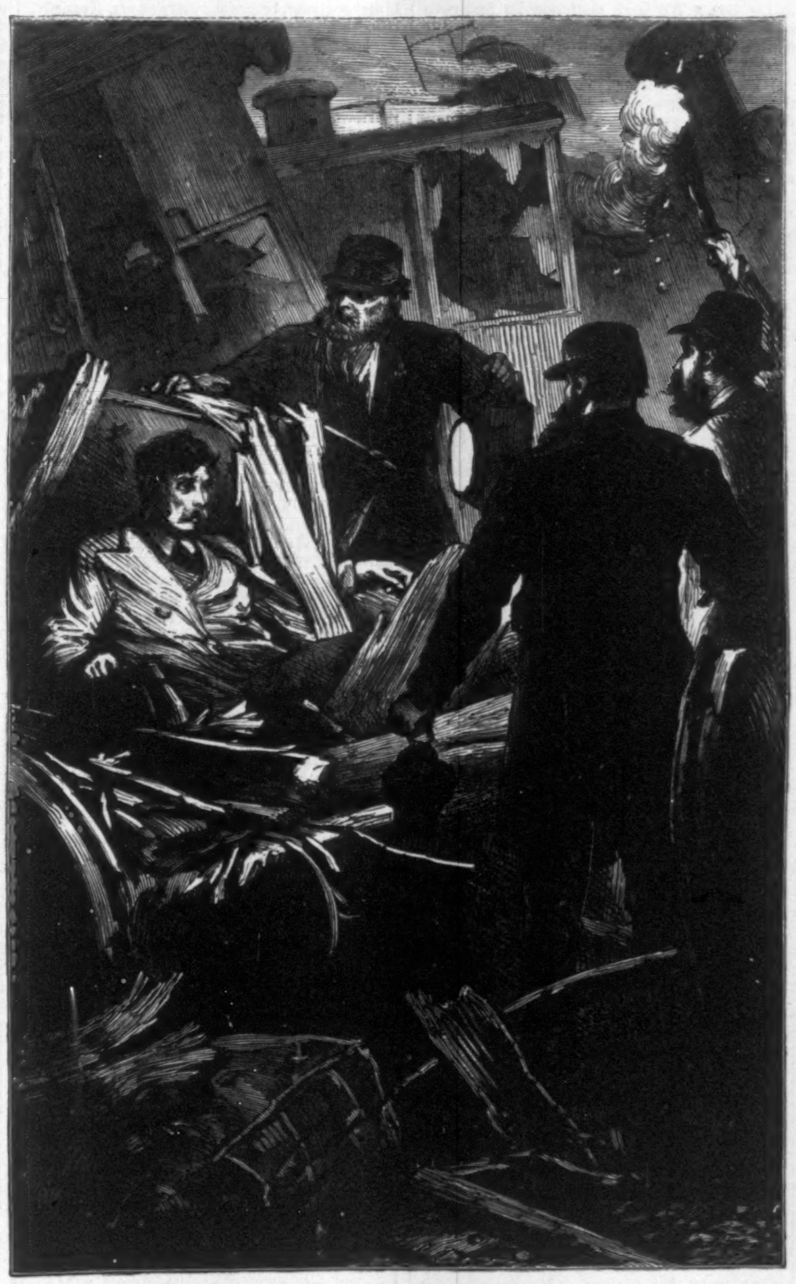
Had she deserved this from the man for whom she had given up her life of luxury to live in wretched lodgings? she argued, in her unreasoning grief. How she had hungered for the grip of his false hand, for a look from his traitorous eyes; and while she had sat, wearily watching for his return, where had he been? The thought maddened her.

"A gentleman to see you, mum," said the maid, knocking at her door.

Ethel's first impulse was to say she could not see any one—surely she had received enough visitors that day! But any thing was preferable to her own thoughts; so, bathing her eyes and throbbing forehead, and striving hard to repress the quiverings of her lip, she descended to the drawing-room.

The visitor was a young man of some six-and-twenty years of age; albeit a smile was on his face, it was not a pleasant smile to see, and though his face was to a certain extent a handsome one, there was a look in the eyes that boded ill for the person of whom he thought.

"I think we are approaching the termination of act two," he said to himself; "let's hope the curtain will fall on a satisfactory situation—satisfactory for myself, I mean. I'm the walking gentleman, only it's unfortunate that my interests are opposed to those of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Well, the character will have been well worth the trouble of sustaining if the *dénouement* is only as I wish it to be!" The smile grew into a sneer, which, however, rapidly disappeared when Ethel opened the door.



THE END OF THORNTON.

"Good-morning, Mr. Thornton," she said, as nearly in her natural voice as possible.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Merthleigh. I'm so sorry to see—as I do only too plainly—that you are not well." He spoke in a tone of tender compassion, more so than he had ever dared to assume before, for he had determined to put it to the touch to-day, and the strange look in her face told him that things had happened as he expected.

"Thank you; I have rather a headache," Ethel replied, very truly, with great difficulty repressing the tears which still strove to reach her eyes.

"When do you leave town?" he asked.

"Not until the morning of Christmas-day," she answered. Ah, now she saw plainly enough why he had delayed their departure until then.

"How I shall miss you!" he said, with a sigh. Should he cross the room to the sofa where she was sitting? Perhaps it was too soon for that, and there was plenty of time.

"Mr. Merthleigh accompanies you, of course?"

"Yes, I sup—" She checked herself before her anger mastered her tongue. "Yes, of course!"

But Thornton saw that the full time was come for him to commence his project. He crossed the room now, and seated himself by her side, she little heeding his movements.

"I hardly know how to say to you what I wish—what I feel it my duty, as a loving friend, to say." The tone in which he spoke was very earnest, and Ethel listened intently. "Merthleigh is my friend; but so are you. You were a very dear friend once, Ethel—forgive me if the old name rushes to my lips—and you ought to know all—all the wretched, miserable truth!" he said, with indignation. "I saw a man—a working-man—leave the house before I entered it. I can not tell what may have brought him here, but I have reasons for asking if the distress which I grieve to see in your face is in any way attributable to his visit?"

He knew well what the man's errand had been, and how it was that he had seen Ethel, instead of calling at her husband's office.

"Your silence assures me that it is so." Ethel had turned her head from him, and was resting her face on her hand. "The moment has come, Ethel, when I may speak—when it is disloyalty to no one if I say the word I have longed so earnestly to say. Your woman's heart will tell you if the words come from the bottom of my soul when I say 'I love you!' Merthleigh's miserable secret is a secret no longer; I see that you know the truth—nay, Ethel, I see that it is so. You know where he passes his days, though you do not perhaps know with whom. You know of the house at Richmond, and will guess that where there is a cage there is a bird. There, I will say no more. Ethel, my darling, your tears madden me!" He tried to draw her to him, but even in this moment of supreme grief she freed herself from his grasp. He raised his face, which had been near the unhappy girl's ear, and a devilish smile gleamed in his false eyes. The game was for him! "Ethel," he continued, "I loved you from the first, but when you chose that traitor, I let you go, stifling my misery with the thought of your happiness. Had he remained true, and in a small degree worthy of you, I would have kept silence to the end; but now love gives me the right to speak, and, trembling, I seize my right, and implore you to give me what I think was ever my own. Your love I ask, Ethel! Come with me away from this villain, and from all remembrance of him. There are happy spots out of England where nature is as much fairer than this miserable street as my love is deeper than his. I am rich in money, but very poor without the heart I prize above all else in the world! Will you let him keep what he esteems so lightly, and be content with one spot in his heart—if that remains to you—while all his real affection is lavished on another? Do you prefer that to the devotion I offer—to the adoration I can not help but give? Speak, Ethel; and speak pitifully, for the sake of the years I have suffered."

She dried her eyes; and, but that a frantic sob ever and anon broke her utterance, replied, calmly,

"Mr. Thornton, my husband is false to me, as I know, and you profess to love me, as I believe you do. I will go with you." A little shudder crept round her heart, but her passion destroyed it; and thus she took revenge.

"Spoken like the brave girl I love!" he cried. "It would be doubting the courage you have shown to ask if you will delay. We may catch the 3.30 train to Beachville if we are quick, and from there we can cross the water. Come, Ethel! You have acted nobly, and with the spirit I was certain you would display, and happiness will be your reward!"

Very hard and cold and stern was Ethel, and triumphant as he was, he dared not so much as take her hand. She left the room, and returned in a few moments arrayed for the most perilous journey she had ever adventured. There was a cab stand by the door, and ere many seconds they were jolting toward the railway station.

The train was gone, and they were forced to wait two hours for another. Ethel, closely veiled, sat by the waiting-room fire; she had not yet realized her position, and only felt a dull aching pain at her heart, and a dim knowledge that a dreadful cloud overshadowed all her life; a cloud that had no silver lining, and through which the sunbeams could not penetrate, however resplendently they might shine. Thornton, well muffled up—for he did not care about being noticed—strode up and down the platform, smoking a cigar, and chuckling to himself at the success of his scheme, and the folly of those from whom he had won the game.

"Shall I take your bag to a carriage, Sir?" the porter asked, as the train came up, alluding to a small black valise Thornton carried in his hand.

He declined. "I mustn't part with you, my precious little friend," said he, hurrying to the waiting-room to fetch Ethel. He ensconced her in a corner of the carriage, the whistle sounded, and the train glided out of the station.

And then, for the first time, as the cold wind blew into her hot face, and waved her glossy hair, she began to recognize the deed she was doing. As the train took her, husband, friends, self-respect, honor, were left behind. And then she thought of Howard—of how good and true and noble he had ever been; and suddenly it flashed across her mind that the true explanation of this dreadful mystery might be other than she supposed. Evidence seemed against him; but was it possible to think that he, who had ever shown himself a great-hearted gentleman, worthy descendant of the men of his race who had gone before him, could be so base to one whose whole trust had been stayed in him? And she remembered all the love and kindness which he had lavished on her; how she had never heard cross word from his lips, or seen angry look in his eye; how he had forgiven girlish willfulness with a pleasant smile in the old days before she was quite his own; and how, since the lines had fallen hardly on him, and he had come upon evil days, he had been the same as ever—true, loving, and kind! And she was leaving him for—

The train, which had stopped at a station, again moved on. One stage further from fair fame, and from the husband she was leaving—the husband she was leaving for whom? This man, who was as far removed from Howard in all that was noble as darkness from light! This man, from whom she recoiled with horror, now that once more her brain asserted its sway! Ah, if she could escape! *He* would not cast her from him, she felt sure. Was it too late? She glanced at her companion; there was a determined look in his eyes which spoke ill for the success of any prayer she might address to him for release.

The train again stopped.

"Let me get you a cup of tea," he said. "You have had no dinner, you know, and must want something?"

"I could not take any thing, thank you," she answered. "No, please sit there," she added, for he made a move as if to come to her side. "My head aches terribly!"

The smile on his face was not pleasant to see as he returned to his corner. "You are master now, my lady," he grimly muttered under his breath, "but, as they say on the provincial stage, 'A day will come!'"

Once more the train stopped at a little station, and as it drew up by the platform a way of escape from the thralldom which was momentarily more closely encircling her suggested itself.

They had already paused a minute when she looked up at her companion, who had not spoken—for Ethel's face did not invite conversation—and said, "Will you please fetch me a glass of water?"

"I'm so glad to do *something* for you, darling," he said; and hastily left the carriage.

So soon as he had disappeared into the wretched little refreshment room, Ethel slipped from the carriage, and fled with trembling feet to the waiting-room. The bell rang before Thornton emerged with the water, and he rushed hastily to the train. Ethel was not there! He must have gone to the wrong compartment! He glanced through the next window, and just then the train moved off; and with a quickly beating heart, and words of fervent thanks to Heaven on her lips, the watcher saw him spring hastily through the carriage door, and the train glided off into the darkness.

She sank on to a chair in the deserted little room, and covered her face with her hands, after drawing a long deep breath of the free air.

Some one entered the room. She listened. Surely the sound of the footsteps was very familiar to her ears? She raised her face.

It was Howard.

He looked on her with a gaze which would have been very stern but for the blessed pity in it, as she, dazed by the unexpected apparition, stood speechless before him.

"Are you my wife?" he asked, in a strange tone.

Her eyes were as the eyes of an angel as she looked into his face, so that he did not need to hear her say, "Your own wife!" as she sank sobbing at his feet.

And then he raised her, and took her in his arms, and she heard those words which she had thought would never again greet her listening ears, and, as of yore, she felt his loving caress; and the tears flowed faster than they had flowed in her exceeding sorrow—tears of happiness sent by a gracious God to wash away her misery and the remembrance of her sinfulness.

"I will ask you no questions, my own darling. I am quite satisfied to find you again. How could you doubt me? Was I wrong in keeping a secret from you? There *was* money saved from the wreck of the mining shares, though I said not—£2000—and I took the little house at Richmond which you had chosen, and furnished it as you wished. It was to be a Christmas present for you, and I invited Reginald and his wife and Bedford to dinner there on Christmas-eve. We can still meet them, my wife; and let all this pass away like the memory of a bad dream."

Then he told her how it happened that he had appeared so unexpectedly.

On returning home, radiant with pleasure at the prospect of their holiday and of the surprise he had in store for her, he was astonished that she did not rush out as usual to greet him; and the astonishment was increased when he found that she was not in the house. He rang the bell, and was told by the servant that she had gone out with a gentleman at three o'clock, and had not returned. Wandering up stairs in his perplexity, he had found a few lines she had scrawled on a sheet of paper, saying that she had gone, and for what reason.

Paralyzed by surprise and grief, he left the house, pausing for a moment on the door-step, not knowing whither to go; and while there a cabman on the neighboring stand offered his vehicle. It was the man who had taken Ethel and Thornton to the station, and who knew Howard, being often employed by him. The ghastly look on the young man's face confirmed the suspicion he had formed when hired by Thornton that all was not well; for something in Ethel's manner had attracted his attention, and knowing Thornton was not her husband, he had watched.

"I've 'ad a job from your place afore to-day, Sir," he said to Howard, letting him know where he took the fugitives, and also that their destination was Beachville; for curiosity had induced him to ascertain.

Howard had followed, and as they had missed their train, fugitives and pursuer had all gone at the same time. On looking out of the window at the little station where Ethel had escaped, to his intense surprise he had seen her, and, springing from the train, followed her to the room.

"My Ethel," he said, when he had finished his narrative, "we will live happily, in perfect confidence, at your new house. Not quite so luxuriously as we might have done—I fear there will be no pony carriage for a long time to come" (he wished to divert her mind from its present thoughts), "but we will be very happy; and I shall, I hope, soon obtain some employment that will give me more time with you! I hear the train; let us go!"

It was not the train, but an engine only which drew up by the platform, from which a man alighted with a grave face.

"I beg pardon, Sir; you ain't a doctor?" he asked.

"No, I'm not," Howard answered. "What's the matter?"

"An accident down the line, Sir. Goods train in the way, as usual. Bad accident, I'm afraid, and it's at a lonely place about two mile off, where there ain't much help to be got," the man answered.

"Can I help?" asked Howard.

"Well, Sir, if you would not mind—it's a dooty like. We've sent telegrams, but it 'll be some time before they are answered."

Howard returned for a moment to the room where he had left Ethel. "There has been an accident—an accident, Ethel," he said, solemnly—"to the train by which we came here; we were only *just in time!* I am going to see if I can be of any assistance."

She pressed his hand between her own, and kissed it, and he and two or three others mounted the engine and sped away, leaving Ethel to reflect, with awe and gratitude to Heaven, on the ruin which had so nearly befallen her.

A terrible sight met Howard's gaze when he reached the scene of the catastrophe. Both lines, he saw, by the light of flaming torches, were thickly strewed with fragments of the carriages, and here and there among the *débris* were still living beings who had not been extricated. The great engine lay helplessly on its side, and on the pathway by the rails were three *shapes* covered with tarpaulin.

The first thing he saw was a man, who was kept down by a mass of wood-work covering his legs. It was Edgar Thornton. Howard made his way to him. He did not then know how deeply the prostrate figure had wronged him; but had he known, it was of course impossible to refuse assistance at such a moment.

"Great Heaven, Thornton! My poor fellow, I fear your legs are hurt."

"No," gasped the other, speaking with great difficulty and in a low tone. "Is she safe?"

Then Howard saw the truth. "She left the train at the last station," he replied, as gently as his surprise would allow.

"I don't know what's brought you here," the dying man murmured, "but it's as well you have come. It's—all up with me—my back is hurt. I robbed you of your money—as I would have done of your wife. There are thirteen thousand pounds of yours—in that black bag. The Peruvian money was never lost. I have been studying that—Chancery suit—your wife must win—papers there will explain. That's the reason I—tempted her to leave you." His voice grew very indistinct, and was almost inaudible to Howard, who, kneeling down, bent over him. "I should like to hear her say—I forgive—"

After Howard had said a prayer over the lifeless body, it added a fourth to the three shapes under the tarpaulin.

The black valise, which had remained in the carriage where he left Ethel when for the last time on earth he felt the solid ground beneath his feet, had in the terrible shock been restored to his side. We have seen how he had been seated in the next compartment of the carriage when the train plunged on to destruction.

"Perfectly charming!" was the verdict which the little party passed on Howard's house, after dinner, on the evening succeeding these events.

"It's awfully kind of you, Regy, to leave the Towers on Christmas-eve to gratify my whim," said Howard.

The baronet—who was usually an exceedingly undemonstrative man—shook hands with his cousin for somewhere about the thirty-fifth time that evening, and replied, "We'll make up for it before Twelfth-day, old fellow!"

He kept his word; and the Ballasmere tenants and servants, incited by the example of their lord and his friends, made it up to such an extent that it is greatly to be feared their festivities approached the extreme verge of "orgies."

The visitors had departed to their hotel, and Howard and Ethel were alone when the clock struck twelve.

"Is your Christmas as happy as you expected it to be, my own wife?" he asked; and Ethel threw herself into his arms, and was clasped tightly to her husband's loving heart as the bells rang in Christmas morning.

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(Continued from No. 880, page 1003.)

# PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE SECOND THUNDER-BOLT.

THE quarrel between Phineas Finn and Mr. Bonteen had now become the talk of the town, and had taken many various phases. The political phase, though it was perhaps the best understood, was not the most engrossing. There was the personal phase—which had reference to the direct altercation that had taken place between the two gentlemen, and to the correspondence between them which had followed, as to which phase it may be said that though there were many rumors abroad, very little was known. It was reported in some circles that the two aspirants for office had been within an ace of striking each other; in some, again, that a blow had passed—and in others, further removed probably from the House of Commons and the Universe Club, that the Irishman had struck the Englishman, and that the Englishman had given the Irishman a thrashing. This was a phase that was very disagreeable to Phineas Finn. And there was a third—which may, perhaps, be called the general social phase, and which unfortunately dealt with the name of Lady Laura Kennedy. They all, of course, worked into each other, and were enlivened and made interesting with the names of a great many big persons. Mr. Gresham, the Prime Minister, was supposed to be very much concerned in this matter. He, it was said, had found himself compelled to exclude Phineas Finn from the Government, because of the unfortunate alliance between him and the wife of one of his late colleagues, and had also thought it expedient to dismiss Mr. Bonteen from his Cabinet—for it had amounted almost to dismissal—because Mr. Bonteen had made indiscreet official allusion to that alliance. In consequence of this working in of the first and third phase, Mr. Gresham encountered hard usage from some friends and from many enemies. Then, of course, the scene at Macpherson's Hotel was commented on very generally. An idea prevailed that Mr. Kennedy, driven to madness by his wife's infidelity, which had become known to him through the quarrel between Phineas and Mr. Bonteen, had endeavored to murder his wife's lover, who had with the utmost effrontery invaded the injured husband's presence, with a view of deterring him by threats from a publication of his wrongs. This murder had been nearly accomplished in the centre of the metropolis—by daylight, as if that made it worse—on a Sunday, which added infinitely to the delightful horror of the catastrophe; and yet no public notice had been taken of it! The would-be murderer had been a Cabinet Minister, and the lover who was so nearly murdered had been an Under-Secretary of State, and was even now a member of Parliament. And then it was positively known that the lady's father, who had always been held in the highest respect as a nobleman, favored his daughter's lover, and not his daughter's husband. All which things together filled the public with dismay, and caused a delightful excitement, giving quite a feature of its own to the season.

No doubt general opinion was adverse to poor Phineas Finn, but he was not without his party in the matter. To oblige a friend by inflicting an injury on his enemy is often more easy than to confer a benefit on the friend himself. We have already seen how the young Duchess failed in her attempt to obtain an appointment for Phineas, and also how she succeeded in destroying the high hopes of Mr. Bonteen. Having done so much, of course she clung heartily to the side which she had adopted; and equally, of course, Madame Goesler did the same. Between these two ladies there was a slight difference of opinion as to the nature of the alliance between Lady Laura and their hero. The Duchess was of opinion that young men are upon the whole averse to innocent alliances, and that, as Lady Laura and her husband certainly had long been separated, there was probably—something in it. "Lord bless you, my dear," the Duchess said, "they were known to be lovers when they were at Lough Linter together, before she married Mr. Kennedy. It has been the most romantic affair! She made her father give him a seat for his borough."

"He saved Mr. Kennedy's life," said Madame Goesler.

"That was one of the most singular things that ever happened. Laurence Fitzgibbon says that it was all planned—that the garroters were hired, but unfortunately two policemen turned up at the moment, so the men were taken. I believe there is no doubt they were pardoned by Sir Henry Coldfoot, who was at the Home Office, and was Lord Brentford's great friend. I don't quite believe it all—it would be too delicious; but a great many do." Madame Goesler, however, was strong in her opinion that the report in reference to Lady Laura was scandalous. She did not believe a word of it, and was almost angry with the Duchess for her credulity.

It is probable that very many ladies shared the opinion of the Duchess; but not the less on that account did they take part with Phineas Finn. They could not understand why he should be shut out of office because a lady had been in love with him, and by no means seemed to approve the stern virtue of the Prime Minister. It was an interference with things which did not belong to him. And many asserted that Mr. Gresham was much given to such interference. Lady Cantrip, though her husband was Mr. Gresham's most intimate friend, was altogether of this party, as was also the Duchess of St. Bungay, who understood nothing at all about it, but who had once fancied herself to be rudely treated by Mrs. Bonteen. The young Duchess was a woman very strong in getting up a party; and the old Duchess, with many other matrons of high rank, was made to believe that it was incumbent on her to be a Phineas Finnite. One result of this was that though Phineas was excluded from the Liberal Government, all Liberal drawing-rooms were open to him, and that he was a lion.

Additional zest was given to all this by the very indiscreet conduct of Mr. Bonteen. He did accept the inferior office of President of the Board of Trade, an office inferior at least to that for which he had been designated, and agreed to fill it without a seat in the Cabinet. But having done so, he could not bring himself to bear his disappointment quietly. He could not work and wait and make himself agreeable to those around him, holding his vexation within his own bosom. He was dark and sullen to his chief, and almost insolent to the Duke of Omnium. Our old friend Plantagenet Palliser was a man who hardly knew insolence when he met it. There was such an absence about him of all self-consciousness—he was so little given to think of his own personal demeanor and outward trappings, that he never brought himself to question the manners of others to him. Contradiction he would take for simple argument. Strong difference of opinion, even on the part of subordinates, recommended itself to him. He could put up with apparent rudeness without seeing it, and always gave men credit for good intentions. And with it all he had an assurance in his own position, a knowledge of the strength derived from his intellect, his industry, his rank, and his wealth, which made him altogether fearless of others. When the little dog snarls, the big dog does not connect the snarl with himself, simply fancying that the little dog must be uncomfortable. Mr. Bonteen snarled a good deal, and the new Lord Privy Seal thought that the new President of the Board of Trade was not comfortable within himself. But at last the little dog took the big dog by the ear, and then the big dog put out his paw and knocked the little dog over. Mr. Bonteen was told that he had forgotten himself; and there arose new rumors. It was soon reported that the Lord Privy Seal had refused to work out decimal coinage under the management, in the House of Commons, of the President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Bonteen, in his troubled spirit, certainly did misbehave himself. Among his closer friends he declared very loudly that he didn't mean to stand it. He had not chosen to throw Mr. Gresham over at once, or to make difficulties at the moment; but he would not continue to hold his present position or to support the Government without a seat in the Cabinet. Palliser had become quite useless—so Mr. Bonteen said—since his accession to the dukedom, and was quite unfit to deal with decimal coinage. It was a burden to kill any man, and he was not going to kill himself—at any rate without the reward for which he had been working all his life, and to which he was fully entitled—namely, a seat in the Cabinet. Now there were Bonteenites in those days as well as Phineas Finnites. The latter tribe was for the most part feminine; but the former consisted of some half dozen members of Parliament, who thought they saw their way in encouraging the forlorn hope of the unhappy financier.

A leader of a party is nothing without an organ, and an organ came forward to support Mr. Bonteen—not very creditable to him as a Liberal, being a Conservative organ, but not the less gratifying to his spirit, inasmuch as the organ not only supported him, but exerted its very loudest pipes in abusing the man whom of all men he hated the most. The *People's Banner* was the organ, and Mr. Quintus Slide was, of course, the organist. The following was one of the tunes he played, and was supposed by himself to be a second thunder-bolt, and probably a conclusively crushing missile. This thunder-bolt fell on Monday, the 3d of May:

"Early in last March we found it to be our duty to bring under public notice the conduct of the member for Tankerville in reference to a transaction which took place at a small hotel in Judd Street, and as to which we then ventured to call for the interference of the police. An attempt to murder the member for Tankerville had been made by a gentleman now well known in the political world, who, as it is supposed, had been driven to madness by wrongs inflicted on him in his dearest and nearest family relations. That the unfortunate gentleman is now insane we believe we may state as a fact. It had become our special duty to refer to this most discreditable transaction, from the fact that a paper, still in our hands, had been confided to us for publication by the wretched husband before his senses had become impaired, which, however, we were debarred from giving to the public by an injunction served upon us in sudden haste by the Vice-Chancellor. We are far from imputing evil motives, or even indiscretion, to that functionary; but we are of opinion that the moral feeling of the country would have been served by the publication, and we are sure that undue steps were taken by the member for Tankerville to procure that injunction.

"No inquiries whatever were made by the police in reference to that attempt at murder, and we do expect that some member will ask a question on the subject in the House. Would such culpable quiescence have been allowed had not the unfortunate lady whose name we are unwilling to mention been the daughter of one of the colleagues of our present Prime Minister, the gentleman who fired the pistol another of them, and the presumed lover, who was fired at, also another? We think that we need hardly answer that question.

"One piece of advice which we ventured to give Mr. Gresham in our former article he has been wise enough to follow. We took upon ourselves to tell him that if, after what has occurred, he ventured to place the member for Tankerville again in office, the country would not stand it, and he has abstained. The jaunty footsteps of Mr. Phineas Finn are not heard ascending the stairs of any office at about two in the afternoon, as used to be the case in one of those blessed Downing Street abodes about three years since. That scandal is, we think, over—and forever. The good-looking Irish member of Parliament, who had been put in possession of a handsome salary by feminine influences, will not, we think, after what we have already said, again become a burden on the public purse. But we can not say that we are as yet satisfied in this matter, or that we believe that the public has got to the bottom of it, as it has a right to do in reference to all matters affecting the public service. We have never yet learned why it is that Mr. Bonteen, after having been nominated Chancellor of the Exchequer—for the appointment to that office was declared in the House of Commons by the head of his party—was afterward excluded from the Cabinet, and placed in an office made peculiarly subordinate by the fact of that exclusion. We have never yet been told why this was done; but we believe that we are justified in saying that it was managed through the influence of the member for Tankerville; and we are quite sure that the public service of the country has thereby been subjected to grievous injury.

"It is hardly our duty to praise any of that very awkward team of horses which Mr. Gresham drives with an audacity which may atone for his incapacity if no fearful accident should be the consequence; but if there be one among them whom we could trust for steady work uphill, it is Mr. Bonteen. We were astounded at Mr. Gresham's indiscretion in announcing the appointment of his new Chancellor of the Exchequer some weeks before he had succeeded in driving Mr. Daubeny from office; but we were not the less glad to find that the finances of the country were to be intrusted to the hands of the most competent gentleman whom Mr. Gresham has induced to follow his fortunes. But Mr. Phineas Finn, with his female forces, has again interfered, and Mr. Bonteen has been relegated to the Board of Trade, without a seat in the Cabinet. We should not be at all surprised if, as the result of this disgraceful manœuvring, Mr. Bonteen found himself at the head of the Liberal party before the session be over. If so, evil would have worked to good. But, be that as it may, we can not but feel that it is a disgrace to the Government, a disgrace to Parliament, and a disgrace to the country that such results should come from the private scandals of the two or three people among us by no means of the best class."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE BROWBOROUGH TRIAL.

THERE was another matter of public interest going on at this time which created a great excitement. And this, too, added to the importance of Phineas Finn, though Phineas was not the hero of the piece. Mr. Browborough, the late member for Tankerville, was tried for bribery. It will be remembered that when Phineas contested the borough in the autumn, this gentleman was returned. He was afterward unseated, as the result of a petition before the judge, and Phineas was declared to be the true member. The judge who had so decided had reported to the Speaker that further inquiry before a commission into the practices of the late and former elections at Tankerville would be expedient, and such commission had sat in the months of January and February. Half the voters in Tankerville had been examined, and many who were not voters. The Commissioners swept very clean, being new brooms, and in their report recommended that Mr. Browborough, whom they had themselves declined to examine, should be prosecuted. That report was made about the end of March, when Mr. Daubeny's great bill was impending. Then there arose a double feeling about Mr. Browborough, who had been regarded by many as a model member of Parliament, a man who never spoke, constant in his attendance, who wanted nothing, who had plenty of money, who gave dinners, to whom a seat in Parliament was the be-all and the end-all of life. It could not be the wish of any gentleman, who had been accustomed to his slow step in the lobbies, and his burly form always quiescent on one of the upper seats just below the gangway on the Conservative side of the House, that such a man should really be punished. When the new laws regarding bribery came to take that shape the hearts of members revolted from the cruelty—the hearts even of members on the other side of the House. As long as a seat was in question the battle should of course be fought to the nail. Every kind of accusation might then be lavished without restraint, and every evil practice imputed. It had been known to all the world—known as a thing that was a matter of course—that at every election Mr. Browborough had bought his seat. How should a Browborough get a seat without buying it, a man who could not say ten words, of no family, with no natural following in any constituency, distinguished by no zeal in politics, entertaining no special convictions of his own? How should such a one recommend himself to any borough unless he went there with money in his hand? Of course he had gone to Tankerville with money in his hand, with plenty of money, and had spent it—like a gentleman. Collectively the House of Commons had determined to put down bribery with a very strong hand. Nobody had spoken against bribery with more fervor than Sir Gregory Grogram, who had himself, as Attorney-General, forged the chains for fettering future bribers. He was now again Attorney-General, much to his disgust, as Mr. Gresham had at the last moment found it wise to restore Lord Weazeling to the wool-sack; and to his hands was to be intrusted the prosecution of Mr. Browborough. But it was observed by many that the job was not much to his taste. The House had been very hot against bribery; and certain members of the existing government, when the late Bill had been passed, had expressed themselves with almost burning indignation against the crime. But through it all there had been a slight under-current of ridicule attaching itself to the question of which only they who were behind the scenes were conscious. The House was bound to let the outside world know that all corrupt practices at elections were held to be abominable by the House; but members of the House, as individuals, knew very well what had taken place at their own elections, and were aware of the checks which they had drawn. Public-houses had been kept open as a matter of course, and nowhere, perhaps, had more beer been drunk than at Clovelly, the borough for which Sir Gregory Grogram sat. When it came to be a matter of individual prosecution against one whom they had all known, and who, as a member, had been inconspicuous and therefore inoffensive, against a heavy, rich, useful man who had been in nobody's way, many thought that it would amount to persecution. The idea of putting old Browborough into prison for conduct which habit had made second nature to a large proportion of the House was distressing to members of Parliament generally. The recommendation for this prosecution was made to the House when Mr. Daubeny was in the first agonies of his great Bill, and he at once resolved to ignore the matter altogether, at any rate for the present. If he was to be driven out of power, there could be no reason why his Attorney-General should prosecute his own ally and follower—a poor, faithful creature, who had never in his life voted against his party, and who had always been willing to accept as his natural leader any one whom his party might select. But there were many who had felt that as Mr. Browborough must certainly now be prosecuted sooner or later—for there could be no final neglecting of the Commissioners' report—it would be better that he should be dealt with by natural friends than by natural enemies. The newspapers, therefore, had endeavored to hurry the matter on, and it had been decided that the trial should take place at the Durham Spring Assizes, in the first week of May. Sir Gregory Grogram became Attorney-General in the middle of April, and he undertook the task upon compulsion. Mr. Browborough's own friends, and Mr. Browborough himself, declared very loudly that there would be the greatest possible cruelty in postponing the trial. His lawyers thought that his best chance lay in bustling the thing on, and were therefore able to show that the cruelty of delay would be extreme—nay, that any postponement in such a matter would be unconstitutional, if not illegal. It would, of course, have been just as easy to show that hurry on the part of the prosecutor was cruel, and illegal, and unconstitutional, had it been considered that the best chance of acquittal lay in postponement.

And so the trial was forced forward, and Sir Gregory himself was to appear on behalf of the prosecuting House of Commons. There could be no doubt that the sympathies of the public generally were with Mr. Browborough, though there was as little doubt that he was guilty. When the evidence taken by the Commissioners had first appeared in the newspapers—when first the facts of this and other elections at Tankerville were made public, and the world was shown how common it had been for Mr. Browborough to buy votes—how clearly the knowledge of the corruption had been brought home to himself—there had for a short week or so been a feeling against him. Two or three London papers had printed leading articles, giving in detail the salient points of the old sinner's criminality, and expressing a conviction that now, at least, would the real criminal be punished. But this had died away, and the anger against Mr. Browborough, even on the part of the most virtuous of the public press, had become no more than lukewarm. Some papers boldly defended him, ridiculed the Commissioners, and declared that the trial was altogether an absurdity. The *People's Banner*, setting at defiance with an admirable audacity all the facts as given in the Commissioners' report, declared that there was not one tittle of evidence against Mr. Browborough, and hinted that the trial had been got up by the malign influence of that doer of all evil, Phineas Finn. But men who knew better what was going on in the world than did Mr. Quintus Slide were well aware that such assertions as these were both unavailing and unnecessary. Mr. Browborough was believed to be quite safe; but his safety lay in the indifference of his prosecutors—certainly not in his innocence. Any one prominent in affairs can always see when a man may steal a horse and when a man may not look over a hedge. Mr. Browborough had stolen his horse, and had repeated the theft over and over again. The evidence of it all was forth-coming—had, indeed, been already sifted. But Sir Gregory Grogram, who was prominent in affairs, knew that the theft might be condoned.

Nevertheless, the case came on at the Durham Assizes. Within the last two months Browborough had become quite a hero at Tankerville. The Church party had forgotten his broken pledges, and the Radicals remembered only his generosity. Could he have stood for the seat again on the day on which the judges entered Durham, he might have been returned without bribery. Throughout the whole county the prosecution was unpopular. During no portion of his Parliamentary career had Mr. Browborough's name been treated with so much respect in the grandly ecclesiastical city as now. He dined with the Dean on the day before the trial, and on the Sunday was shown by the head verger into the stall next to the Chancellor of the Diocese, with a reverence which seemed to imply that he was almost as graceful as a martyr. When he took his seat in the court next to his attorney, every body shook hands with him. When Sir Gregory got up to open his case, not one of the listeners then supposed that Mr. Browborough was about to suffer any punishment. He was arraigned before Mr. Baron Boultby, who had himself sat for a borough in his younger days, and who knew well how things were done. We are all aware how impassionately grand are the minds of judges, when men accused of crimes are brought before them for trial; but judges after all are men, and Mr. Baron Boultby, as he looked at Mr. Browborough, could not but have thought of the old days.

It was nevertheless necessary that the prosecution should be conducted in a properly formal manner, and that all the evidence should be given. There was a cloud of witnesses over from Tankerville—miners, colliers, and the like—having a very good turn of it at the expense of the poor borough. All these men must be examined, and their evidence would no doubt be the same now as when it was given with so damnable an effect before those clean-sweeping Commissioners. Sir Gregory's opening speech was quite worthy of Sir Gregory. It was essentially necessary, he said, that the atmosphere of our boroughs should be cleansed and purified from the taint of corruption. The voice of the country had spoken very plainly on the subject, and a verdict had gone forth that there should be no more bribery at elections. At the last election at Tankerville, and, as he feared, at some former elections, there had been manifest bribery. It would be for the jury to decide whether Mr. Browborough himself had been so connected with the acts of his agents as to be himself within the reach of the law. If it were found that he had brought himself within reach of the law, the jury would no doubt say so, and in such case would do great service to the cause of purity; but if Mr. Browborough had not been personally cognizant of what his agents had done, then the jury would be bound to acquit him. A man was not necessarily guilty of bribery in the eye of the law because bribery had been committed, even though the bribery so committed had been sufficiently proved to deprive him of the seat which he would otherwise have enjoyed. Nothing could be clearer than the manner in which Sir Gregory explained it all to the jury; nothing more eloquent than his denunciations against bribery in general; nothing more mild than his allegations against Mr. Browborough individually.

In regard to the evidence, Sir Gregory, with his two assistants, went through his work manfully. The evidence was given—not to the same length as at Tankerville before the Commissioners—but really to the same effect. But yet the record of the evidence as given in the newspapers seemed to be altogether different. At Tankerville there had been an indignant and sometimes an indiscreet seal which had communicated itself to the whole proceedings. The general flavor of the trial at Durham was one of good-humored raillery. Mr. Browborough's counsel in cross-examining the witnesses for the prosecution displayed none of that righteous wrath — wrath righteous on behalf of injured innocences—which is so common with gentlemen employed in the defense of criminals; but bowed and simpered, and nodded at Sir Gregory in a manner that was quite pleasant to behold. Nobody scolded any body. There was no roaring of barristers, no clinching of fists and kicking up of dust, no threats, no allusions to witnesses' oaths. A considerable amount of gentle fun was poked at the witnesses by the defending counsel, but not in a manner to give any pain. Gentlemen who acknowledged to have received seventeen shillings and sixpence for their votes at the last election were asked how they had invested their money. Allusions were made to their wives, and a large amount of good-humored sparring was allowed, in which the witnesses thought that they had the best of it. The men of Tankerville long remembered this trial, and hoped anxiously that there might soon be another. The only man treated with severity was poor Phineas Finn, and luckily for himself he was not present. His qualifications as member of Parliament for Tankerville were somewhat roughly treated. Each witness there, when he was asked what candidate would probably be returned for Tankerville at the next election, readily answered that Mr. Browborough would certainly carry the seat. Mr. Browborough sat in the court throughout it all, and was the hero of the day.

The judge's summing up was very short, and seemed to have been given almost with indolence. The one point on which he insisted was the difference between such evidence of bribery as would deprive a man of his seat, and that which would make him subject to the criminal law. By the criminal law a man could not be punished for the acts of another. Punishment must follow a man's own act. If a man were to instigate another to murder he would be punished, not for the murder, but for the instigation. They were now administering the criminal law, and they were bound to give their verdict for an acquittal unless they were convinced that the man on his trial had himself, willfully and wittingly, been guilty of the crime imputed. He went through the evidence, which was in itself clear against the old sinner, and which had been in no instance validly contradicted, and then left the matter to the jury. The men in the box put their heads together, and returned a verdict of acquittal without one moment's delay. Sir Gregory Grogram and his assistants collected their papers together. The judge addressed three or four words almost of compliment to Mr. Browborough, and the affair was over, to the manifest contentment of every one there present. Sir Gregory Grogram was by no means disappointed, and every body, on his own side in Parliament and on the other, thought that he had done his duty very well. The clean-sweeping Commissioners, who had been animated with wonderful zeal by the nature and novelty of their work, probably felt that they had been betrayed, but it may be doubted whether any one else was disconcerted by the result of the trial, unless it might be some poor innocents here and there about the country who had been induced to believe that bribery and corruption were in truth to be banished from the purlieus of Westminster.

Mr. Roby and Mr. Ratler, who filled the same office each for his own party, in and out, were both acquainted with each other, and apt to discuss parliamentary questions in the library and smoking-room of the House, where such discussions could be held on most matters. "I was very glad that the case went as it did at Durham," said Mr. Ratler.

"And so am I," said Mr. Roby. "Browborough was always a good fellow."

"Not a doubt about it; and no good could have come from a conviction. I suppose there has been a little money spent at Tankerville."

"And at other places one could mention," said Mr. Roby.

"Of course there has; and money will be spent again. Nobody dislikes bribery more than I do. The House, of course, dislikes it. But if a man loses his seat, surely that is punishment enough."

"It's better to have to draw a check sometimes than to be out in the cold."

"Nevertheless, members would prefer that their seats should not cost them so much," continued Mr. Ratler. "But the thing can't be done all at once. That idea of pouncing upon one man and making a victim of him is very disagreeable to me. I should have been sorry to have seen a verdict against Browborough. You must acknowledge that there was no bitterness in the way in which Grogram did it."

"We all feel that," said Mr. Roby, who was, perhaps, by nature a little more candid than his rival, "and when the time comes no doubt we shall return the compliment."

The matter was discussed in quite a different spirit between two other politicians. "So Sir Gregory has failed at Durham," said Lord Cantrip to his friend, Mr. Gresham.

"I was sure he would."

"And why?"

"Ah — why? How am I to answer such a question? Did you think that Mr. Browborough would be convicted of bribery by a jury?"

"No, indeed," answered Lord Cantrip.

"And can you tell me why?"

"Because there was no earnestness in the matter—either with the Attorney-General or with any one else."

"And yet," said Mr. Gresham, "Grogram is a very earnest man when he believes in his case. No member of Parliament will ever be punished for bribery as for a crime till members of Parliament generally look upon bribery as a crime. We are very far from that as yet. I should have thought a conviction to be a great misfortune."

"Why so?"

"Because it would have created ill blood, and our own hands in this matter are not a bit cleaner than those of our adversaries. We can't afford to pull their houses to pieces before we have put our own in order. The thing will be done; but it must, I fear, be done slowly—as is the case with all reforms from within."

Phineas Finn, who was very sore and unhappy at this time, and who consequently was much in love with purity and anxious for severity, felt himself personally aggrieved by the acquittal. It was almost tantamount to a verdict against himself. And then he knew so well that bribery had been committed, and was so confident that such a one as Mr. Browborough could have been returned to Parliament by none other than corrupt means! In his present mood he would have been almost glad to see Mr. Browborough at the tread-mill, and would have thought six months' solitary confinement quite inadequate to the offense. "I never read any thing in my life that disgusted me so much," he said to his friend, Mr. Monk.

"I can't go along with you there."

"If any man ever was guilty of bribery, he was guilty!"

"I don't doubt it for a moment."

"And yet Grogram did not try to get a verdict."

"Had he tried ever so much he would have failed. In a matter such as that—political and not social in its nature—a jury is sure to be guided by what it has, perhaps unconsciously, learned to be the feeling of the country. No disgrace is attached to their verdict, and yet every body knows that Mr. Browborough had bribed; and all those who have looked into it know, too, that the evidence was conclusive."

"Then are the jury all perjured," said Phineas.

"I have nothing to say to that. No stain of perjury clings to them. They are better received in Durham to-day than they would have been had they found Mr. Browborough guilty. In business, as in private life, they will be held to be as trustworthy as before; and they will be, for aught that we know, quite trustworthy. There are still circumstances in which a man, though on his oath, may be untrue with no more stain of falsehood than falls upon him when he denies himself at his front-door though he happen to be at home."

"What must we think of such a condition of things, Mr. Monk?"

"That it's capable of improvement. I do not know that we can think any thing else. As for Sir Gregory Grogram and Baron Boultby and the jury, it would be waste of powder to execrate them. In political matters it is very hard for a man in office to be purer than his neighbors, and when he is so, he becomes troublesome. I have found that out before to-day."

With Lady Laura Kennedy, Phineas did find some sympathy; but then she would have sympathized with him on any subject under the sun. If he would only come to her and sit with her, she would fool him to the top of his bent. He had resolved that he would go to Portman Square as little as possible, and had been confirmed in that resolution by the scandal which had now spread every where about the town in reference to himself and herself. But still he went. He never left her till some promise of returning at some stated time had been extracted from him. He had even told her of his own scruples and of her danger — and they had discussed together that last thunder-bolt which had fallen from the Jove of the *People's Banner*. But she had laughed his caution to scorn. Did she not know herself and her own innocence? Was she not living in her father's house, and with her father? Should she quail beneath the stings and venom of such a reptile as Quintus Slide? "Oh, Phineas," she said, "let us be braver than that." He would much prefer to have staid away, but still he went to her. He was conscious of her dangerous love for him. He knew well that it was not returned. He was aware that it would be best for both that he should be apart. But yet he could not bring himself to wound her by his absence. "I do not see why you should feel it so much," she said, speaking of the trial at Durham.

"We were both on our trial—he and I."

"Every body knows that he bribed and that you did not."

"Yes; and every body despises me and pats him on the back. I am sick of the whole thing. There is no honesty in the life we lead."

"You got your seat, at any rate."

"I wish with all my heart that I had never seen the dirty wretched place," said he.

"Oh, Phineas, do not say that."

"But I do say it. Of what use is the seat to me? If I could only feel that any one knew—"

"Knew what, Phineas?"

"It doesn't matter."

"I understand. I know that you have meant to be honest, while this man has always meant to be dishonest. I know that you have intended to serve your country, and have wished to work for it. But you can not expect that it should all be roses."

"Roses! The nosegays which are worn down at Westminster are made of garlic and dandelions!"

## CHAPTER XLV.

### SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF EMILIUS.

THE writer of this chronicle is not allowed to imagine that any of his readers have read the wonderful and vexatious adventures of Lady Eustace, a lady of good birth, of high rank, and of large fortune, who, but a year or two since, became almost a martyr to a diamond necklace which was stolen from her. With her history the present reader has but small concern, but it